BYGONE SUSSEX

WILLIAM E. A. AXON

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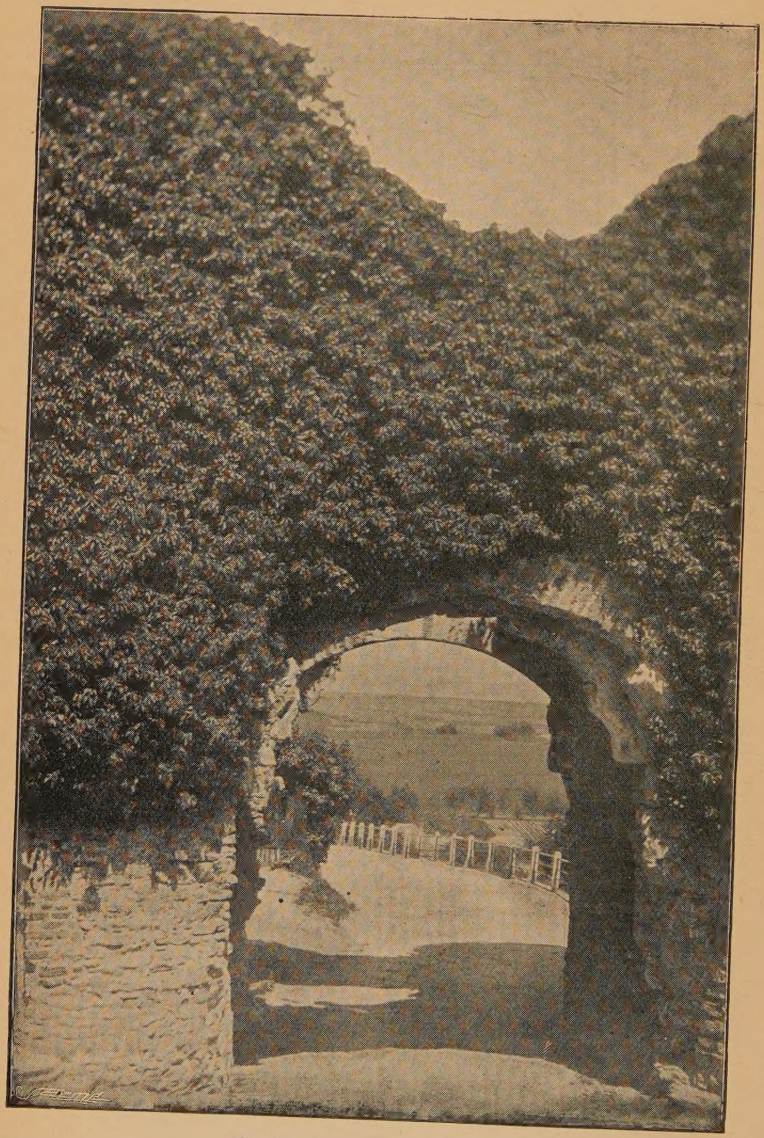

OLD ROMAN GATE, WINCHELSEA.

BYGONE SUSSEX.

BY

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

LONDON:
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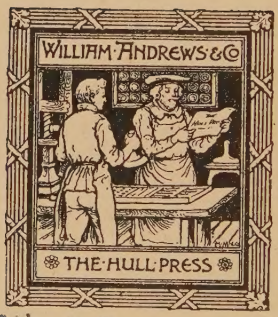

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TO

C. P. SCOTT, M.P.,

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE

OF THE KINDNESS OF MANY YEARS,

THESE GLEANINGS

IN THE BYWAYS OF HISTORY AND LITERATURE,

ARE DEDICATED.

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Preface.

THE following essays are selected from material that has accumulated in the years that Sussex—with its picturesque scenery and varied associations—has had a special attraction for the writer, who, though not to the manor born, feels as strongly as any of her sons the charm of the seaboard and the down. Perhaps some of the thousands of visitors who throng the Sussex coast in quest of health or amusement may find in these pages suggestions of historic memories that may add to the interest of their stay, and Sussex men themselves may recognise that a strong and healthy local sentiment is no bad foundation for an enlightened patriotism.

Of the illustrations several are from the facile and graceful pencil of Mr. Raffles Davison, who has also felt the charm of Sussex scenery—a charm that Mr. A. C. Swinburne has put into the melodious lines, written between Lancing and Shorham :—

Fair and dear is the land's face here,
And fair man's work as a man's may be ;
Dear and fair as the sunbright air
Is here the record that speaks him free ;
Free by birth of a sacred earth, and regent ever of all the sea.

BYGONE SUSSEX.

The Land of the South Saxons.

INTRODUCTION.

SUSSEX, the "land of the South Saxons," has had many chances and changes within the historic period. The traces of the Roman conquerors may still be seen in the relics of three great military roads, and in the encampments on its hills. The Saxon Aella pushed the Britons eastward at the great battle of Mercredesbourne, and founded the Sud-seax Kingdom, which was the smallest of the Heptarchy, and at last was merged in Wessex by Caedwalla. Saint Wilfrid not only converted the people of what was then the most savage part of the island, but taught them the art of the fisherman, so that they could secure other than eels as the harvest of the river and sea. Thus the South Saxons found it profitable to abandon their "vain idols." King Edilwach and his wife Ebba gave land at Selsey for the endowment of the first bishopric for

Sussex. Earl Godwin's possessions at Bosham became the home of his famous son, and it was thence that Harold journeyed to Normandy. The name of the last of the Saxon Kings is for ever connected with that famous battle when England was lost and won. Nor is William the Conqueror less associated with Sussex on whose coast he landed, and where he fought the decisive battle that made the Normans masters of the realm. Pevensey, that remarkable combination of Roman fortress and Norman castle, was besieged by the Red King. Arundel Castle was the scene of the reception of the Empress Maud by the Queen Dowager Adeliza. At Lewes was fought the great battle in which Henry III. sustained a crushing defeat by his barons. Peace had her victories too, and Sussex was honoured by royalty in stately progresses. Henry VIII. received a royal welcome at Michelgrove, Edward VI. at Petworth, "Good Queen Bess" at Cowdray, and George I. at Stanstead. In modern times Brighton grew up under the patronage of George IV. and William IV. It was from Brighton—then the little fishing town of Brighthelmstone—that Charles II. escaped to France, and it was at Newhaven that Louis

Phillippe and his Queen, disguised as Mr. and Mrs. Smith, landed on their escape from France.

We do not now think of Sussex as a seat of manufacture, yet here was the earliest seat of the iron industry. Roman coins have been found in the old cinder beds, and in the Middle Ages the iron-works flourished greatly. The tomb of Henry III. was guarded by Sussex railings, and the horses that went to the fatal field of Bannockburn were shod with Sussex horse-shoes. When artillery came into use, the first cannon were cast here. The great forests which covered nearly all the county were destroyed in the process of smelting. The savage animals that once roamed in the sylvan glades were exterminated, though the wild cat survived at Ashdown to the sixteenth century. But by the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Sussex iron industry was on the wane, and the manufacture passed from the South to the North of England. The manufacture of glass, though perhaps never very extensive, was another branch of the early trade of Sussex. The shepherd and the fisherman are the characteristic special types of the industry of the county. The Southdown breed of sheep has attained great fame. To the maritime industry we owe the

Cinque Ports, of which Sussex claimed the Port of Hastings, the ancient towns of Rye and Winchelsea, with those less noble members the towns of Pevensey and Seaford, and the five villages of Bulverhithe, Petit Shaw, Hidney, Beakesbourne, and Grange. The "barons of the Cinque Ports" were men of mark in the Middle Ages. They found ships for the defence of the empire. They had their own chancery, and at the coronation they bore aloft the silken canopy. Smuggling, the prohibited importation of brandy, tea, and other articles, and "owling" the prohibited exportation of wool or sheep were once great activities on the Sussex coast, but they are now happily as extinct as the Sussex iron-trade.

There are many names of interest associated with the county. "Many shires have done worthily," says Fuller, "but Sussex surmounteth them all, having bred five Archbishops of Canterbury." These were John Peckham, Thomas Bradwardine, Thomas Arundell, and William Juxon. Sussex gave Percy Bysshe Shelley to English poetry, and John Selden to learning. The Howards, the Fiennes, the Sackvilles, the Pelhams, the Ashburnhams, the Percys, and the Montagues, are amongst its noble and gentle

families who have won distinction. The three Sherley brothers gained a remarkable position in the seventeenth century. The three Palmer brothers had also picturesque careers. The three Smiths of Chichester have a humble niche in the temple of fame for contributions to art and verse. Jack Cade has been claimed as a Sussex man. The gentle and unfortunate poet, William Collins, was a native. Dr. Andrew Borde, "Merry Andrew," was born at Pevensey. The county claims four saints, Richard de la Wych, the canonised Bishop of Chichester, St. Wilfrid, St. Cuthman, and Lewinna, the virgin martyr, slain by the Saxons of the seventh century. The names of John Fletcher and the unfortunate Thomas Otway are illustrious in dramatic literature. Other Sussex worthies are Pell, the mathematician, James Hurdis, the gentle poet, Richard Cobden, the apostle of free trade, the Hares, Dr. E. D. Clarke, the traveller, Henry Morley, and M. A. Lower, the antiquary. Gibbon, the historian, is buried at Fletching; and Cartwright, the inventor of the power loom at Battle. Nor should we forget Henry Burwash, Bishop of Lincoln, of whom Fuller says: "Such as mind to be merry may read the pleasant story of his apparition, being condemned after his

death to be *viridis viridarius*, 'a green forester,' because in his lifetime he had violently enclosed other men's grounds into his park." William Barlow, Bishop of Chichester, had a prosperous career, in spite of an enforced exile in the days of Queen Mary. His wife's epitaph is rendered by Fuller :—

> "Barlow's wife Agathe, doth here remain,
> Bishop, then exile, Bishop then again.
> So long she lived, so well his children sped,
> She saw five Bishops her five daughters wed."

Less fortunate, in a worldly sense, were the ten Protestants, burned in one fire at Lewes, or the other sufferers in that time of persecution. But Sussex has had worthies of all creeds—Gregory Martin, the Roman Catholic exile, who had the principal hand in what is called the Douay Bible; Matthew Caffyn, the controversial "Battle-axe of Sussex;" Richard Challoner, the learned titular Bishop of Debra; and Colonel John Michelborne, who was Governor of Londonderry, and held that city for William III. in the famous siege in which he lost his wife and seven children by famine and disease.

Sussex, whilst not claiming the first place for the grandeur of its churches, has many that are of

great beauty and interest, though it must be sorrowfully admitted that the "restorer" has been abroad, and, seeking what he could devour, has destroyed much. Yet there are still relics of Saxon architecture as at Sompting, Bosham, and Worth, whilst the Norman builder can be traced at the Shorehams, Bramber, Steyning, Shipley, and elsewhere. Chichester, Rye, and Eastbourne are amongst the transitional structures. Early English and Decorated may be seen at Arundel, Poynings, and Mayfield, whilst Winchelsea, Alfriston, and Etchingham supply instances of later Decorated. There are round towers at Southease and Piddinghoe. The Sussex churches contain some fine specimens of monumental art, noble tombs like those of the Fitzalans at Arundel, and the Fiennes at Herstmonceux, and brasses such as those at Battle and Etchingham.

The antiquary and the lover of the picturesque cannot fail to be delighted with the ruined castles of Bodiam, Pevensey, Herstmonceux, Hastings, Bramber, Amberley, Arundel, Halnaker, Lewes, Scotway, Camber, and the Ypres Tower at Rye. The religious orders have left their mark in the ruined abbeys and monasteries of Battle, Boxgrove, Tortington, Hardham, Shulbrede, Lewes, Wil-

mington, Mayfield, Robertsbridge, and Winchelsea.

It is an old complaint against Sussex that its roads are so miry and muddy as to be a terror to the traveller, whether he be on horseback, in a vehicle, or a plain wayfaring man. Defoe saw, not far from Lewes, "an ancient lady, and a lady of very good quality," riding to the village church in a coach drawn by six oxen, whose united strength was necessary to cope with the difficulties of the road. And when Prince George of Denmark journeyed to Petworth to meet Charles VI. of Spain, the last nine miles of the journey occupied six hours. Matters have greatly improved since then, and there is no special difficulty in visiting any part. The geologist and the botanist will find ample reward in his excursions, and the woodlands are not silent of song, though the ornithologist must lament the disappearance of some that were formerly denizens. The student of folk-lore may pick up curious items about the "pharisees," and learn how magpies were shoed at Piddinghoe, and see at Mayfield the very tongs with which St. Dunstan pulled the devil's nose.

Sussex is notable for the variety of its interest.

The breezy South Downs, the bold hill of Chanctonbury, the great rift of the Devil's Dyke, the wide extending Weald, the quaint old-world villages nestling amid the trees, the busy modern towns of Brighton and St. Leonards, the stately mansions of Goodwood, Petworth, and Normanhurst, the ruined castles and monasteries eloquent of bygone ages, and the mighty waters of the ocean for ever washing its shores, all combine to make Sussex a land of enchantment for those who have the salt of the sea in their blood, who delight in the beauty of hill and woodland, or who care to muse upon the intricate movements of those forces that have made the nation. For Sussex was the scene of the most decisive incident in the whole of England's history, that great victory of William the Conqueror, when the Norman was grafted upon the Saxon stock, producing in due season that strongest and most conglomerate of races, the "true born Englishmen," who, scorning the narrow limits of their island home, have since gone forth to the ends of the earth, and taken possession of no small portion of the globe, and have founded an empire which is the largest and most populous in the world.

Pardon Brasses.

A PARDON brass is one which promises to the bystander, who shall offer up a certain number of prayers for the repose of those whose grave he beholds, a remission of a portion of the punishment due to his own sins and to be endured in a future life. There are three remarkable instances of this monumental form of "indulgence" in connection with Sussex.

In the great church of Winchelsea is the gravestone of Reginald Allard. The brass which once decorated it is gone, but round the edges of the tombstone the inscription can still be partially made out. In its complete form it read: "Reginald allard q'i morout le xv jour de avrill l' an m ccc viii gist icy. Dieu de s' Alme ait merci. Q'i pur s' alme priera l jour de pardon auera."* Here it will be seen the promise is given of fifty days' remission of punishment in return for a single prayer for the soul of the dead man.

* *Sussex Archæological Collections*, xxiii., 190.

John, the seventh Earl Warren, was buried in 1305, at Lewes Priory, with an inscription, which Dugdale has preserved :—

"Vous qe passer ou bouche close,
Prier pour cely ke cy repose :
En vie come vous esti jadis fu,
Et vous tiel serretz comme je su ;
Sir Johon Count de Garenne gist icy ;
Dieu de sa alme eit mercy,
Ky pur sa alme priera
Trois mill jours de pardon avera."

In the fine church of Herstmonceux, sacred in our own time by its many memories of Julius Hare, his brother and his friends, is a brass to the memory of Sir William Fiennes, an ancestor of the powerful Lords Dacre of the south. The inscription is: "William Ffienles Chiualer, qy morust le xviii jour de Janever l' an del Incarnacon nre [Seigneur] Jh' u Cryst m cccc v gist ycy [Dieu de sa alme eyt mercie] qy pur sa alme devostement Pater noster et Ave priera vj ^{xx} jours de pardon en auera." * Here it will be noticed that the precise prayers to be said are named, and instead of fifty days, one hundred and twenty days of pardon are promised.

The subject is one of great curiosity and

* *Sussex Archæological Collections*, xxiii., 167.

interest. The Sussex brasses can only be explained by reference to those existing elsewhere, and to the custom of the Middle Ages in relation to "indulgences." Dr. Fairbank has called attention to indulgences granted by the Archbishop of York at the close of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth century. Thus, in 1286, there is one of ten days for the soul of a man buried at Dover, one of an unmentioned term for a man buried at Kirkstall, one for a lady whose body is buried at "Bysse-mede" and whose heart is buried at Cambridge, and for another lady buried at Lincoln. There is also one of ten days for a man and wife who are buried at Stapleford. Although it is not expressly stated, these indulgences were probably granted to those who prayed for the well-being of these departed persons. There can be no doubt in the historic instance of Eleanor, the well-beloved wife of Edward I. The King wrote to Archbishop Romano desiring the prayers of the faithful for the dead Queen, and the Archbishop granted a forty days' indulgence to those who should offer prayer on behalf of Queen Eleanor's soul. This was granted 28th November, and again 8th December, 1290. Again, in 1319, Archbishop Melton gave an indulgence of thirty

days to all who would hear the mass of Robert de Bardleby, Canon of York and the King's clerk, on Easter day, and pray for the good estate of the said Robert and his father and mother. In these York grants it is noticeable they are not made merely within the limits of the diocese, but apparently were granted for any locality.*

Mr. J. G. Waller observes: "The announcement of pardon for saying prayers for the deceased is very commonly found on monumental brasses, but never before has the promised reward been of so liberal a character [as in that of the Macclesfield monument, to be mentioned presently]. In the earlier examples, those of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, a very common form of inscription appears, in which forty days of pardon is promised to those praying at the tomb. This occurs so frequently that it seems to have been the most usual term. About this period very many similar ones occur, but the largest amount of 'pardon' vouchsafed appears on a small brass, having two demi figures, in Heylesdon Church, Norfolk, where ten years and forty days are granted. This is an unusual

* *Transactions of the Cambridge University Association of Brass Collectors*, No. xi., vol. ii., p. 9. Several instances in this paper are given by Dr. Fairbank. See also No. x., p. 19.

instance, and the date of the monument is about the close of the fourteenth century."* Whatever the multitude of pardon brasses may have been, comparatively few are recorded, and the extent of the remission promised by them varies very considerably, and is sometimes greatly in excess of the limit mentioned by Mr. Waller.

At Cobham, in Kent, is the tomb of Dame Joan de Cobham, who died in 1298. The inscription is: "Dame Jone de Kobeham gist isi Deus de sa alme eit merci ki ke pur le alme priera, quarante jours de pardon avera."

At Hellesdon, Norfolk, is a brass assigned to the year 1370, and the inscription, after giving the names of Richard de Heylesdone, and Beatrice, his wife, says: "qi p lour almes p' era x. aans & xl. jours de pardoun auera."

William, Marquis of Berkeley, who died in 1491, and was buried in the Friars Augustin, London [now "Austinfriars," Old Broad Street], left a testament in which he says: "Also I will that my exors shall purchase a pardon from Rome, as large as might be, for plein remission of the sins of all those who shall be confessed and contrite at Longbrigge from evensong to

* *Journal British Archæological Association*, v., 259.

evensong in the feast of the Trinity, and there say Paternosters and 3 aves for my soul and the soul aforesaid."

In the middle aisle of York Cathedral there was buried John Albain, painter, and his wife Alice, for praying for whom eighty days' pardon is granted; there is no date. An undated tomb, once in St. Neots, Huntingdonshire, gives one hundred days. That of William de Basynge, prior of Winchester, promised three years one hundred and forty-five days of pardon. Dr. Rock explains it as a pardon of forty days multiplied by the number of bishops, thirty-one, who had concurred in the grant.* This he regards as an abuse.

At Great Coates, Lincolnshire, on the brass of Sir Thomas Barnardiston and his lady, 1503, is a similar grant of pardon :—

> "Of yō charite say a p̄r noster aue & creed,
> & ye schall haue a C days of p'don to yor med."

The epitaph formerly on the brass of John Marsham and wife, St. John's, Maddermarket, Norwich, 1525, illustrates the change of religious opinion at this period. The original inscription was in ten English lines, and concluded :—

* *Church of our Fathers*, vol. iii., p. 74.

"Ye shall not lose your charitable devocion
XII Cardinals have granted you xii dayes of Pardon."

The plate was afterwards reversed, and the new inscription engraved on the back, "Of your Charyte," etc., and it concluded, "on whose soulles," etc.

Richard Hollinworth, in describing the Strangeways Chantry in Manchester Church, observes "In it there is a pardon under the picture of the Resurrection of Christ from the Sepulchre. The pardon for V. Pater nr. V aves and a crede, is xxvi thousand and xxvi dayes of pardon." This brass has long since disappeared, nor is there anything to show with what particular tomb it was connected.

The promise contained in the Manchester pardon is identical as to the term with the inscription on a brass which still remains at Macclesfield, although it is now in an imperfect state. The picture in the last-named represents the miraculous mass of Saint Gregory the Great, and shows Christ as appearing to him in answer to his prayer for a manifestation of the reality of the presence in the sacrament. The "Mass of St. Gregory" was not infrequently chosen by artists, but Mr. Earwaker has pointed out that this is the

only known brass dealing with it. Hollinworth was probably not well posted in matters of Catholic art, but he can scarcely have confused subjects so different as the mass of St. Gregory and Christ rising from the sepulchre, or we might be tempted to think that the Manchester and Macclesfield brasses were replicas of each other. The suggestion has indeed been made that the brass formerly at Manchester is now at Macclesfield, but a picture of the latter, taken before the time of Hollinworth, is in existence. If, however, the Manchester brass was mutilated so as to make the figure of the saint less striking, the picture might then easily be taken to represent the resurrection of Christ. The Macclesfield pardon is part of the memorial brass of Roger Legh and Elizabeth, his wife. She died in 1489, and he in 1506, so that the monument may be referred to the early years of the sixteenth century. It is noteworthy that whilst the inscription which records the deaths is in Latin, the pardon, which occupies a distinct position in the design, is in English, and reads: "The p'don for saying of v. pater nost^r & v aves and a cred is xxvi thousand yeres and xxvi dayes of pardon." It is engraved in Mr. J. P. Earwaker's *East*

Cheshire. These enormous grants of indulgence are stigmatised by Dr. Rock as "spurious and imaginary." *

It is greatly to be regretted that there is no known sketch of the Manchester brass, nor a description sufficiently detailed to show whether it was a "Mass of St. Gregory" or some form of the "Image of Pity." Indulgences in the form of broadsides, printed from wooden blocks, were very popular at the close of the fifteenth century and early part of the sixteenth. These curious relics of Christian art have been described by the late Henry Bradshaw, who says: "In the cuts found in Holland, Belgium, France, and Germany, there is a certain amount of similarity. St. Gregory is kneeling before the altar; our Lord appears on the altar; and all around the background is filled with the symbols of the passion scattered around. In many copies of the *Primer*, or *Book of Horæ*, written in England, a picture of the 'Imago Pietatis' or 'Arma Crucifixi' is prefixed to the Psalms of the Passion. St. Gregory does not appear, but a half-length figure of our Lord appearing above a tomb or altar, with the symbols

* *Church of our Fathers*, p. 77.

grouped round him."* These symbols were about the year 1487, formed into a border for the central figure. In Caxton's *Primer* issued about that year, there is a figure of Christ standing half out of a tomb or altar. The inscription promises three thousand two hundred and fifty-seven years of pardon for the devout saying of five paternosters, five aves, and a creed. This is repeated in an edition of the *Horæ* believed to have been printed in 1494 by Wynkyn de Worde in the house of Caxton. A broadside indulgence printed by Caxton about 1490 represented Christ wounded and rising from a tomb. The inscription likewise grants three thousand two hundred and fifty-seven years of pardon. The "Ecce Homo" indulgence discovered by Mr. W. Y. Ottley, is now in the British Museum. The text is :—

"Seynt gregor' with o*þ*ir' popes and bysshoppes yn feer'
Haue graũted' of pardon xxvi dayes and xxvi Mill' yeer.
To *þ*eym that before *þ*is fygur' on *þ*eir knees.
Deuotly say v paternoster and v avees."

The extent of the pardon, it will be noticed, is the same as on the Macclesfield and Manchester, but the repetition of the creed is not laid down as

* See Bradshaw's *Collected Papers*, p. 84, *et seq. cf.*, also p. 256.

a condition. But in an indulgence now preserved in Lincoln Minster Library, the resemblance is exact. It represents Christ with wounded body and crossed hands standing half out of a tomb. Below on the face of the altar or tomb are the words :—

"The pdon for v. Pr nr v.
aues & a crede is xvvjM,
yeres & xxvi dayes."

Hollinworth's words are certainly more exactly applicable to this picture than to the "Mass of St. Gregory."

So at Quatford, Shropshire, there were some wall paintings, and under one, which represented Christ rising from the sepulchre, were these lines :—

"Seynt Gregory and other popes
and bysschops grants sex and
twenty thousand yere of pardon
thritti dayes to alle that saies devou
telye knelying afore pis ymage fife
paternosters fyfe aves and a cred." *

It will be seen that the amount of the pardon varies greatly. In the thirteenth century we have examples of ten days, and forty days; in the fourteenth century thirty, forty-six, and fifty

* Rock, vol. iii., p. 77.

days, forty and of three thousand days—unless there has been some error in transcribing the epitaph. In the fifteenth century we have one hundred and twenty days; and in the sixteenth, twelve days and one hundred days; two thousand six hundred years twenty-six days; and three thousand two hundred and fifty-seven years. It is not altogether a case of chronological expansion, although the longest pardons are the latest in date.

The "Mass of St. Gregory" as the illustration on letters of indulgence is found in many printed and MS. *Horæ* of fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

The religious poems of William de Shoreham, who was Vicar of Chart-Sutton, in Kent, in the reign of Edward II., were edited by Thomas Wright for the Percy Society. He was the first vicar, and was perhaps previously a monk of the priory of Leeds, to which the rectory of Chart-Sutton was impropriated by Walter, Archbishop of Canterbury. Wright thinks him to have been a native of Shoreham, near Otford, in Kent, but it seems equally probable that he took his name from the much better known Sussex Shoreham. There are several pious colophons to his verses,

and one reads thus :—"*Oretis pro anima domini Willelmi de Schorham, quondam vicarii de Chart juxta Ledes, qui comiposuit istam compilacionem de septem mortalibus peccatis. Et omnibus dicentibus oracionem dominicam cum salutacione angelica quadraginta dies veniae a domino Symone archiepiscopo Cantuariae conceduntur.*"

Robert de Cologne, in a treatise on indulgences, printed at Zutphen in 1518, says that St. Gregory granted fourteen thousand years of indulgence; that Nicholas V. doubled them; that Calixtus III. added five prayers to the five paternosters and five aves, and then doubled the indulgence; that Sixtus IV. added two more prayers, two paternosters, and two aves, and again doubled the indulgence; and that Innocent VIII. added two more prayers, with two paternosters and two aves, and again doubled the previous indulgence. Opinions are divided as to whether the total result of the operations is seventy thousand, ninety-two thousand, or one hundred and twelve thousand years of pardon. A "Mass of St. Gregory" is facsimiled in Holtrop's *Monuments Typographiques des Pay bas au XVième Siècle.* In this the risen Christ is seen standing on an altar, before which kneels St. Gregory, whilst the

background is crowded with the instruments and emblems of the Passion, but these are not, as in most English prints of the Image of Pity, arranged as a border framing the whole picture. The inscription is in Flemish, and promises fourteen thousand years of pardon. The print is believed to have been issued between 1455 and 1471.

Of course the "Imago Pietatis" and the "Mass of St. Gregory" were not the only artistic indulgences. There is a fine wood engraving belonging probably to the school of Gaudenzio Ferrari, and dating from the early years of the sixteenth century, representing the Virgin and Child and St. Joseph with a considerable amount of landscape. Underneath is an Ave Maria and a statement also in Latin that Sixtus IV. had granted "xi milia annorum" for each time it was said. To consider the many indulgences printed in the infancy of typography would lead us far afield.

The papal grants of "indulgences" were among the abuses that led to the Reformation under Luther. Indulgences appear to have been developed as a powerful instrument for the promotion of the crusades, those remarkable, but in

the end futile, efforts to accomplish the redemption of the Holy Land from the "infidels"—on which the Popes had set their heart. The remission promised to the actual crusaders was afterwards extended to those who were less directly engaged. "Thus, for instance, it became necessary in course of time to reward by remissions of so and so many days those who would consent even to be present at the preaching of the papal legate who came to announce a crusade; and, finally, just before the fall of Acre, full remission was granted to those who would contribute anything at all to the lost cause." * "One papal legate in 1219 offered to the crusaders willing to remain in the Holy Land that he would absolve the souls of their fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, and children." † The system was extended in many ways.

The theory of the Roman Catholic Church as to indulgences is that in addition to the *eternal* punishment of sin there is also a *temporal* punishment, and that as the former may be remitted by the merits of the Saviour, so the latter may be shortened by the merit of certain good works or

* E. F. Henderson, *Select Historical Documents*, 1892, p. 272.
† *Ibid.*

acts of devotion of the faithful. An indulgence is not, as is too often said by the opponents of the Roman Church, either a remission of sin or a permission to sin, nor is it of avail without the repentance and amendment of the sinner.* But

* The teaching of the Roman Communion on the subject of "indulgences" is set forth in the following passages, chiefly from the *Prompta Bibliotheca* of F. Lucius Ferraris (Venice, 1772):—1. "By an Indulgence, moral fault is not remitted, but only the temporal penalty *(poena)* still remaining to be paid in this life or in purgatory. 2. Whenever in the form or grant of an Indulgence remission of sins is said to be granted by it, we understand by 'sin' the penalty of sin, in accordance with II. Machabees xii., 46. The whole passage reads:—(43) 'And making a gathering, he (Judas the Machabee) sent 12,000 drachmas of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered *for the sins of the dead*, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection. (44) For if he had not hoped that they that were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to *pray for the dead*. (45) And because he considered that they who had fallen asleep *with goodness* had great grace laid up for them. (46) It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed *from sins*.' 3. As to Indulgences 'from penalty and fault' *(a poenâ et culpâ)*, 'Benedict XIV. pronounces these to be apocryphal, even if only venial sins were meant: *De Synodo*, lib. 13, Cap. 18, No. 7.' 4. The Indulgence called "A Quarantine means of Forty Days, that is to say a remission of *as much* punishment *(poena) as would have been* remitted for the penance *(poenitentia)* of 40 Days formerly fixed by the Church for certain sins, in the Penitential Canons." And so of other Indulgences for fixed periods. Ferraris says: "We are not to understand that so many days or years are remitted of punishment in Purgatory, or that a stay of that much time in Purgatory is abated—(for indeed it is not likely that Purgatory will be in existence for the 200,000 or 300,000 years for which an Indulgence is sometimes granted),—but by such an Indulgence is meant that so much punishment is remitted by it as would be remitted in virtue of the penance appointed by the Penitential Rules *(canons)* in the Canon Law, if such penance were performed in this world for the number of days or years mentioned." So in the "Catholic Directory" for 1893 we read:—"In the early ages of the Church, 'canonical penances' as they were called were inflicted for sin; and an Indulgence of forty days, for example, represents a remission of as much of the temporal punishment as would have been remitted by means of forty days of such canonical penance; but how much that is, or would have been, is not known to us." 5. As to Indulgences of 100 years, 1,000, 100,000, etc.,

without going into these theological refinements, it cannot be doubted that the system was one which led to enormous abuse. The hypocrisy, craft, and falsehood of those who made a traffic of the sale of pardons and indulgences has left its

years, P. Minderer in his Treatise on Indulgences, pronounces them to be of trivial credibility. "Soto has not hesitated to affirm that they were fictions of the *Quaestors* [*i.e.*, the Preachers of Indulgences such as those before the Reformation for the raising of funds for building St. Peters, etc.]. Estius openly says they are fabrications and forgeries, and in no wise attributable to the Holy See. The Venerable Cardinal Thomasius concludes that they are incredible and altogether improbable. See Benedict XIV., *De Synodo*, Book xiii., Ch. 18." 6. "St. Pius V., Pope, 27 January, 1567, revoked all Indulgences that included the gaining of money *(quaestus)*. See also the Council of Trent on this matter, Session 25, in the Decree of Indulgences; and Session 21, ch. 9, on Reformation. Paul V., 23 May, 1606, revoked all Indulgences granted by his predecessors to all or any Religious Orders, and issued a new series in their stead. In his 'Constitution' of 23 May, 1606, effecting this, he recites that 'Our predecessor, of happy memory, Clement VIII., with great diligence and solicitude, endeavoured to abolish abuses and corruptions that had crept into the giving of Indulgences, and also into the accepting of them.' Clement VIII. reigned from 1592 to 1605. Innocent XI., in a 'Decree' dated 7 March, 1678 (not relating merely to Religious Orders like the above 'Constitution' of Paul V.), refers to 'certain made-up *(confictae)*, and altogether false Indulgences that are carried about *(circumferentum)* through divers parts of the Christian world; and others that on examination have been found to be either apocryphal or already revoked by the Roman Pontiffs, or no longer valid owing to a lapse of time;" and records that a Congregation of Cardinals, to whom this matter had been referred, has drawn up a list of such Indulgences, and that the said Congregation 'declares them to be partly made-up and clearly false, partly apocryphal, or from some other cause null and void, and that can benefit nobody, and forbids them to be published anywhere as true, or to be put forward as capable of being gained by the faithful, and strictly orders to be destroyed all sheets and books in which they are so put forward or alleged, unless the said Indulgences have been diligently expunged therefrom. And '[the said Congregation] hereby [*i.e.*, by making specific mention of those in its list] does not wish it to be inferred that all others not mentioned in this Decree are therefore to be held as true and legitimate and tactily approved.' The Decree concludes:

mark indelibly on popular as well as on theological literature. Chaucer as well as Luther may be cited in evidence of the evils of that system which these pardon brasses recall to memory.

'A report on these thing having been made by the Secretary to the Holy Father, his Holiness has approved the whole, and ordered it to be inviolably observed. Given at Rome, 7th March, 1678.'" 7. Ferraris goes on to give, in six pages of double columns, "Sundry Decrees lately issued (and printed in the Bullarium of Clement XI.), in which many things are laid down and declared concerning Indulgences, and some things are prohibited and interdicted as false and apocryphal."

Trial of Henry Robson in 1598.

IN the golden days of Elizabeth, when the ancient town of the Cinque Ports was still "Rye Royal," there happened a strange tragedy, the particulars of which are commemorated in a tract, written by L. B.—whose full name remains unknown—and which the title page states to be "printed by Felix Kingston for R. W., and are to be solde in Paternoster Row at the signe of the Talbot" in 1598.

This account is noteworthy, not only in relation to forensic medicine, but to the methods of criminal law as administered in the days of the Tudors. The facts are in a small compass. Henry Robson, a fisherman of Rye, was for a long time well thought of by his neighbours, but a taste for lavish expenditure led him into debt, and being unable to satisfy his creditors, he was, as the result of several suits, cast into prison as a debtor, and remained there without any prospect of release. He had a faithful, honest wife, but she was unable to pay

his debts, and he conceived a strong but concealed dislike for her. If she were out of the way Robson thought he could turn what remained of his goods and estate into money, and by fleeing into the Netherlands escape the persecution of his obdurate creditors. One day, in conversation with a fellow prisoner, he expressed his regret that his wife's continuance in life hindered his escape. The other scoundrel thereupon offered to procure ratsbane, and to teach Robson how it might be used without fear of detection.

Glasier, such was the worthy's name, was soon after released from durance. By Robson's request he bought some ratsbane at the shop of Fisher, a mercer in Rye. This he conveyed to Robson, and told him to mix it with glass beaten small, and wrap it in the skin of a shoulder of mutton, making the packet of poison about the size of a hazelnut. The poison was to be administered to Robson's wife *per vaginam* when next she would come to stay with her husband. This we are told was done on her next visit. Soon after her return home she began to be seriously ill, and as her pains continued and increased, medical aid was called in. The

physicians were unable to relieve her, but strongly suspected foul play. After some five days she died, and a *post mortem* examination revealed the presence of ratsbane and glass "in everie vaine." Inquiries were set on foot, and the purchase of the poison from Fisher was discovered. Glasier hearing of this absconded. Naturally enough suspicion fell upon the husband, and after some denials he confessed, and at the next sessions was tried, condemned, and hanged.

Let us first consider the accuracy of the narrative of the poisoning as given by the Tudor pamphleteer. On this point I have to thank Professor J. Dixon Mann for a note on the pathology of the case. The first point is as to the precise meaning of "ratsbane." In Ramsey's "De Venenis" (1660), he refers to "that kind of arsenick which they usually lay for mice (commonly called by us, ratsbane)." There is, therefore, nothing impossible in the narrative. There are many cases on record of persons being poisoned by the external application of arsenic, as for example, when it has been applied by quacks to cancerous growths of the breast. The introduction of the poison into the vagina would be likely to be followed by the general symptoms of

arsenical poisoning. The addition of powdered glass by abrading the mucous membrane would facilitate the introduction of the poison into the system and probably cause death within the time specified.

Powdered glass is still used by Indian poisoners. The only improbability is the statement that both glass and ratsbane were found in every vein. The glass would not be found in the veins because it would not get there; the arsenic probably would be present in the blood, but it is doubtful if the chemical knowledge of that age would be equal to its detection. The statement is probably a rhetorical exaggeration of the fact that arsenic was found in the body of the poor woman.*

There is therefore every reason to think that Robson was guilty of the murder, but our modern sense of fair play to accused persons revolts from the method employed in trepanning

* It may be remembered that another remarkable trial for alleged murder by arsenical poisoning occurred at Lewes assizes in 1826. A woman was accused of poisoning her husband by the administration of arsenic. There was some divergence of medical opinion as to the length of time in which the poison would operate fatally. Mr. G. A. Mantell, the famous geologist, who was then in practice as a surgeon in that town, and his brother Joshua, who was in the same profession, were satisfied that the woman was innocent, and ultimately procured her pardon. One result of this trial was the publication of Mantell's treatise on arsenical poisoning.

him into an admission of his guilt. The circumstances of the wife's visit to, and stay with her husband in prison, the purchase of the poison by his crony, Glasier, and the subsequent flight of that worthy, the discovery of arsenic in the body, all pointed to the suspicion of wife-murder, and it is not surprising that some persons should have openly avowed their belief in Robson's guilt. The Mayor, Jurats, and Recorder of Rye assembled, and it was decided to send for Robson.

"Neighbour Robson," said Mr. Francis Bolton, the Recorder, "we understand by one Glasier, that you had certain poison of him, which you caused him to buy. Now we have sent for you to know to what intent you bought it? For that you are suspected of the death of your wife, and by some manifestly accused."

Robson protested that he was as ignorant as a newly born child both of the death of his wife and of any such poison.

"Nay," said the Recorder, "if you be so obstinate, we will bring Glasier forth who to your shame shall testify it, and then you are guilty not only of the poison, but of the act doing. And therefore confess the truth, and shame the devil."

"Well," said Robson, "I had, indeed, ratsbane, but what of that?"

"Why didst thou deny it then?" asked the Recorder. "It shows a guilty conscience. But what didst thou with it? And to what intent didst thou buy it?"

"Why," replied Robson, "the Courthouse is full of rats, and I bought it to kill them."

"That is not so," said the Recorder, "But the devil is the father of lies, and I fear thou art his son. Confess the truth of what thou didst with it?"

"Well," answered Robson, "if you will needs know, I will truly resolve you. I have been long in prison, and I have often heard that poison will break open any iron lock, and therefore I bought it thinking thereby to get my liberty. Now I have told the truth, I hope you will pardon me."*

"No," said the Recorder, "thou hast not told the truth, for with it and glass mingled together thou didst poison thy wife; and therefore as thou lookest for any favour at our hands, confess how and in what manner thou didst it and who was thy counsellor in it?"

"Well then" replied Robson, "I perceive you

* A very curious bit of folk-lore.

glut after my blood, and if it will pleasure you, you shall have it." He imagined from the Recorder's bold statement that Glasier had made an avowal and that further denial would be unavailing, and therefore in the words of our chronicler "openly declared the whole manner aforesaid, how and in what manner he had done it, and for what cause, and who was his Counsellor. Which they hearing, greatly marvelled, and committed him to prison, where he remained till the Sessions Day, when he was arraigned and condemned, and according to the law he there was adjudged to be hanged, which was performed."

It is not at all probable that in the absence of Glasier, Robson could have been convicted but for the confession which the Recorder tricked him into making. The words so graphically reported by the pamphleteer read more like those of a French *juge d' instruction* than of an English magistrate as the duty of the latter would now be interpreted. Even the humblest instruments of the law are to-day expected to warn their prisoner that he need not make any incriminating statement. No accused person is expected to aid in his own conviction. But our forensic annals show that in the past judges did not always so

interpret their duty. The genius of Bunyan has drawn a vivid picture of the conduct of a criminal assize in his day, and although the account of the trial of Christian and Faithful may seem now a monstrous exaggeration, there is only too much evidence for accepting it as a faithful picture. And the case of Henry Robson, even on the assumption of his guilt, is another example of the unfairness which once prevailed in the administration of the law.

In Denis Duval's Country.

IN his interesting "Reminiscences," Dean Hole has a characteristic notice of Thackeray. "I went," he says, "with Leech, and the servant told us that he was engaged. As we were going disappointed away, Miss Thackeray opened the door and called to us, 'Of course, papa will see you.' We went up to his study, and found him sitting, *more suo*, with his face turned to the back of his chair, on which a small board was fastened for his writing materials. He sighed, and said he was wearied by his long monotonous work (it was nigh the end, for the last pages of 'Denis Duval' were before him); and Leech said, 'Why don't you have a holiday and take the girls to the seaside?' He made no verbal answer, but, rising slowly, plunged his hands to the very bottom of his pockets, brought them out, shook, replaced them, and then resumed his seat."

There is room for difference of opinion as to which is Thackeray's masterpiece, but there are

many who think that in "Denis Duval," which unhappily was still incomplete when death stayed the skilful hand, we have the ripest and mellowest expression of his genius, even though it may lack the supremest touches which mark certain scenes in "Vanity Fair" and "The Newcomes." As in other of Thackeray's works there is local colour, and a visit to "Denis Duval's" country will show to what extent he has reproduced the spirit of the scene even when he has thought it necessary to depart from strict archæological accuracy. The earlier scenes are laid at Rye and Winchelsea, those two quaint old towns which are the delight of the antiquary and the artist. Thackeray's observant eyes saw the charm of the old-fashioned streets, the antique houses, the ruined towers, the great gates looking landward and seaward, and the long stretch of marsh leading to the waters of the English Channel. There have been few to celebrate in verse the glories and reverses of the "Two Ancient Towns" which watch each other from two hills across the three miles of road and marsh separating them; but Edward, Lord Thurlow, has written a sonnet, "To Rye in Sussex,"—the approach that is from the sea :—

"Before me on old ocean's pebbly marge,
And marshy plains, upon a spacious bay,
The mighty works of labour stand at large,
When violence within this Realm had sway:

The antique castle glooms deserted now,
A monument of wasteful war and pride,
And Winchelsea upon its raised brow,
That the vain shock of ages hath defied:

Before me Rye, once town of dignity,
Stands like a falcon on its perched rock:
Long may it view the everlasting sea,
Forsaken of the waves, and brave the shock

Of fruitless Time, till in the fatal hour
Oblivion shall our silver Isle devour."

The two towns are not difficult of access by the South-Eastern Railway. The traveller who alights at Winchelsea can, after rambling through its streets and lanes, pass through its ancient gateway, and proceed by the winding road to Rye. The ramble can be extended to Camber Castle and Rye harbour without difficulty. From the low-lying land may be seen upon the two hills which face each other the "Two Ancient Towns" of Winchelsea and Rye.

The older Winchelsea, where William the Norman landed in 1067 on his second arrival in this country, was destroyed by the sea, partly in 1250, and wholly in 1287. The town was then removed to its present position, but the base of

THE LAND GATE AT RYE.

the hill on which it stands was in those days washed by the waves. The sea has since receded and left Winchelsea literally stranded. But the great Edward saw the capacities of the place, and planned here a strong town with walls, gates, churches, monasteries, and all the other belongings of a prosperous mediæval community. The late Mr. E. A. Freeman was much struck by the appearance of Winchelsea, which he declared to be "from the point of view of municipal and parliamentary antiquary one of the most interesting places in England." It differs from a ruined town, and is the City that Never Was. "It is most striking," says Freeman, "to see the preparations which were made for what was to be, the walls which fence in nothing, the gates which lead to nothing, the large and splendid church began but never finished, the streets laid out in regular order according to the plan always followed in the foundations of the great King, but streets which have never yet grown into the form of houses. The one thing which was finished, the Friars' Church, is now a ruin. A country house with its usual appendages stands within the walls of the town, and all that has come of the great borough which was designed is a small

village." This passage, written for the *Saturday Review* in 1871, stands unaltered in the "Historical Essays" issued almost simultaneously with the death of the great scholar in 1892. There is, however, some reason to think that the Church was finished and that the nave was destroyed. Winchelsea was the object of various attacks on the part of the French, who came on errands of plunder and massacre in 1359, 1368, and 1449. By this time the sea was forsaking it. The intended glories of the Edwardian foundation failed of accomplishment. "Winchelsea," as Mr. Coventry Patmore has said, "is a town in a trance, a sunny dream of centuries ago: but Rye is a bit of the old world living pleasantly on in ignorance of the new."

Rye is situated in an exposed position, and for its protection the Ypres Tower was built by William D'Ypres, Earl of Kent, in the middle of the twelfth century. From this great watchtower the whole of the coast could be seen. In 1149, the town had a charter for walling and fortification. The receding of the waters afterwards exposed the north side of the town, and Edward completed its defence by the erection of a massive gateway, flanked by towers, and having nail-studded

wooden doors and a portcullis. From the gateway extended a wall twenty-eight feet high and five feet thick, with a deep fosse. About 1448, the wall built by Richard I. on the eastern cliff was ruined by the undermining operations of the sea. The defences of Rye did not suffice to keep away the French, who made several incursions. Early in the thirteenth century it was captured by the Dauphin of France, and again in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries it was sacked more than once. The town became a place of refuge for the Huguenots after the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Fishing and smuggling were both Rye industries. The borough has never lost a measure of quiet prosperity however far it may have been left behind by younger and more energetic rivals.

These "Two Ancient Towns," as they are styled in the charters which include them in the Cinque Ports, are the scenes of "Denis Duval." The first intention of Thackeray had been to give his hero the name of Blaise. This was afterwards changed to Denis, and by the adoption of this designation he linked the hero with a real and notable personage of the time. Peter Denis was the son of a French Protestant

minister, the Rev. Jacob Denis, a native of La Rochefoucault, in Angumois, who had been exiled from his fatherland by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The refugee pastor settled at Chester, took orders in the Anglican Church, married Miss Martha Leach, "a lady of an ancient Lancashire family," and became father of twelve children. The youngest but one was Peter, who was born at Chester in 1712. His father is believed to have been one of the masters of the King's School there, and the son probably obtained his education in that institution. He received his lieutenant's commission in 1739, and went with Anson in the expedition which made the "Centurion" famous. They sailed in 1740, a badly equipped expedition of six ships, of which two never rounded Cape Horn, and another, the "Wager," was driven ashore and lost. When the "Centurion" reached Juan Fernandez there were not more than thirty men on board capable of work. The desperate plight of the expedition may be judged from the statement that of the 961 men who had left England there were but 335 men and boys remaining. With these in the "Centurion" and the "Gloucester," Anson destroyed the Spanish commerce, blockaded the

ports, and burned the town of Paita. Having missed the Spanish treasure ships, he sailed for China, and had to abandon two of his ships. The "Centurion" alone remained, and was taken to Macoa, and the crew increased to 227 by the enlistment of Negroes, Dutchmen, and Lascars. These were carefully drilled, and on June 20th, 1743, Anson captured the great Spanish galleon with its crew of 600 men and its £500,000 worth of treasure. He returned home, was protected by a friendly fog from the French fleet, and then the ship's company, with band playing and colours flying, marched through London City with the thirty-two wagon-loads of the "loot" they had obtained from the Spaniard. Anson's dispute with the Admiralty may have hindered the immediate promotion of Denis, but his time came. In 1744-5, when Anson was one of the Board of Admiralty, Denis became post-captain, and he commanded the "Centurion" in the fight with La Jonquière, when the captured French ships included the "Gloire" and the "Invincible," which was commanded by Captain de St. George. When the Frenchman surrendered his sword to Anson he said, "Monsieur, vous avez vaincu l'Invincible et la Gloire vous suit,"—a frank

epigram that gained him the friendship of the victor. It was the pleasant duty of Denis to take home the despatches in which the victory was announced. He served in Parliament for the borough of Heydon. In 1756, he was on the home station, and formed part of the Court-Martial that had the melancholy duty of trying Admiral Byng. It seems clear that they had no option but to find him guilty of negligence. Their strong recommendation to mercy was disregarded by the King, and whatever discredit attaches to the execution of Byng must be laid, not to his judges, but to the inhumanity of George II. Denis formed part of Sir Edward Hawke's unsuccessful expedition against Rochefort in 1757; captured the "Raisonnable" in 1758, and had his share in the great victory of Quiberon Bay in 1759;—a battle which Prof. Laughton has characterised as "the greatest victory at sea since the defeat of the Spanish Armada." In 1761, as Thackeray records, it was the agreeable task of Denis to bring to her English home and bridegroom the German princess, so long known to our grandfathers as "Good Queen Charlotte." Denis became a baronet in 1767, and after further service of an uneventful kind, he died in 1778,

when the title became extinct. He is buried in the grounds of St. George the Martyr, Holborn, There, too, lies his wife, who although known as Miss Pappett, was a natural daughter of John James Heidegger, the famous "Count Ugly," who figures alike in the pictures of Hogarth, the verse of Pope, and the prose of Fielding. Heidegger was the partner of Handel in some operatic ventures, and made a large income by theatrical management and masquerades, so loose in character that the Middlesex grand jury presented their projector as "the principal promoter of vice and immorality." Elizabeth Pappett became the wife of Denis on September 2nd, 1750, and died December 30th, 1765. Such was the career of the real personage, whom Thackeray has made the god-father of his imaginary hero.

Denis Duval tells us that he was born at Winchelsea, "where there has been a French church ever since Queen Bess' time and the dreadful day of St. Bartholomew." Here his grandfather was precentor. There was a Huguenot church at Winchelsea in the Armada days, but unlike that at Canterbury, where the French services are still held in the Crypt of the

Cathedral, the Huguenots of Winchelsea had died out or had been incorporated in the mass of English protestantism long before the time of Denis Duval. So also the Huguenot Church at Rye ceased early in the 18th century. This is an initial anachronism, but Thackeray took care to make sure as to the constitution and management of these churches, so that the glimpses afforded are accurate.

The French church at Rye began in the reign of Elizabeth, and the arrival of the fugitive Protestants was sometimes a matter of great embarrassment to the authorities, which was increased in 1563 by the return of soldiers and people from Havre when the plague broke out in the little town. There were further influxes in 1568 and 1572, and in 1574 a municipal regulation was devised against the advent of pauper refugees. One of the few exceptions to the good qualities of the Huguenots is afforded by Marie Gosling, wife of Philip Williams, who, in 1598, was executed for "murthering her own child." In 1586, there were over 1,500 refugees in the town. Some of these were persons of wealth and substance. It was impossible for Rye to absorb so large a number, and they found

openings for themselves elsewhere, so that by 1622 there were only between twenty and thirty foreigners, presumably recent arrivals, as the descendants of the older settlers would now be recognised as townspeople. When the persecution of 1680 began there was a new irruption, and in 1682 the parishoners agreed to allow the use of the church for services in French from eight to ten, and from twelve to two "as hertofore." The last record of the congregation in Rye is of the year 1728, when they received £35 2s. 0d. from the Royal Bounty Fund.

The home of the Duvals was in "Port St," an imaginary name for one of the Winchelsea thoroughfares. Here one evening in 1769 the Comtesse heard the story of the woman burned to death on Penenden or Pickenden Heath for the murder of her husband. The case was a very curious one. A well-to-do butcher at Hythe, in Kent, fell in love with his servant girl, who, however, refused to marry him, and to escape his importunities returned to her friends who lived in another town of the same county. Here she found a more acceptable suitor in a young smuggler named Benjamin Buss. This fellow's love was not of a very delicate order, and he

urged his sweetheart to marry her elderly lover in order that at his death they might enjoy the money which the butcher had scraped together. She was exceedingly unwilling to comply with this advice, but finally consented. To expedite their expected good fortune was the next thought of Buss, and he again induced the woman to be his accomplice. A few days after the marriage, the butcher and his bride went for a few days' outing, and Buss was invited to be one of the company. They set off on horseback, and at Burmash,—by which Burwash is probably meant —Lott, having broken his bridle, dismounted to mend it, and a public-house being at hand, he went in, and the butcher ordered some "milk bumbo."* On coming out, he first gave some to his wife and then to Buss, neither of whom dismounted, and then drank some himself. He complained that it was bitter, and hot, and had a bad taste. The landlady was surprised and hurt at this disapproval, and strenuously vouched for the excellence of the ingredients. When the guests had gone, she herself tasted the mixture, and found it very nasty. She called the attention

* Smollett, in a note to "Roderick Random," which appeared in 1748, describes "Bumbo" as a liquor composed of rum, sugar, water, and nutmeg, but the name was applied to other alcoholic mixtures.

of her daughter-in-law to the matter, who also had a tablespoonful, and then, throwing the rest away, noticed that there was a sediment at the bottom of the vessel. Although the younger woman vomited, no suspicion of poison arose, and the badness of the "bumbo" was attributed to the water. Lott had partaken more liberally, and between Burmash and Bonington became seriously ill. They stopped there for tea, and Lott drank plentifully, and so recovered from the effect of the corrosive sublimate which had been administered to him. Buss, on this first disappointment, procured larger doses, and these were given to the unfortunate husband, who died after nine days of intense suffering. Suspicion of poisoning arose, and on examination before a justice of the peace Mrs. Lott confessed the crime. She was imprisoned seven months at Canterbury, and thence removed to Maidstone, where she remained four months awaiting her trial. This was owing to the illness of the apothecary from whom the poison had been bought. He died, however, before the Assizes came on. Buss at first denied his guilt, then in an attack of jail fever, confessed, and on his recovery retracted his confession. The trial came

on at Maidstone, 19th July, 1769. Both were found guilty. Her attitude was one of great humility and dejection, especially when the child she had borne in prison was brought into court for her to suckle. The execution took place on Penenden Heath. Buss was dressed in black, and drawn in a waggon with four horses. Mrs. Lott, wearing the mourning gown she had bought on her husband's death, followed in a hurdle also drawn by four horses, The man was executed first, and when he had hung for a quarter-of-an hour, Mrs. Lott was carried to a stake about a hundred yards away from the gallows. The stake was about seven feet high, and near the top was a peg, on which the woman standing on a stool was fastened by the neck. The stool was pulled away, and when she was quite dead, a chain was fastened round the body and the stake, fagots were piled up, and these being lighted, the body of the unhappy woman was reduced to ashes.

It was in "Port St." that a "no Popery" riot was threatened at the funeral of the Comtesse de Saverne, and averted by the courage and good feeling of the Rector, whose appeal to the angry mob was successful in appeasing their anger.

"There was no outcry any more. The little procession fell into an orderly rank, passed through the streets, and round the Protestant Church to the old burying ground behind the house of the Priory. The Rector walked between the two Roman Catholic clergymen. I imagine the scene before me now—the tramp of the people, the flicker of a torch or two; and then we go in at the gate of the Priory ground into the old graveyard of the monastery, where a grave had been dug."

What Thackeray calls Sandgate is probably the Strandgate. Here it was that Denis used to drag in a little wheel-chair the baby Agnes, who afterwards became his wife. It was in one of these excursions that the Comte de Saverne, the day before the duel at Boulogne with La Motte—the fatal duel which ended his life—saw his child, the infant with which his wife had fled from her home. "O Agnes, Agnes! How the years roll away! What strange events have befallen us: what passionate griefs have we had to suffer: what a merciful Heaven has protected us, since that day when your father knelt over the little car, in which his child lay sleeping! I have the picture in my mind now. I see a winding road

leading down to one of the gates of our town; the blue marsh-land, and yonder, across the marsh, Rye towers and gables; a great silver sea stretching beyond, and that dark man's figure stooping and looking at the child asleep. He never kissed the infant or touched her. I remember it woke smiling, and held out its little arms, and he turned away with a sort of groan."

When the poor distraught Countess had in her madness left her child on the sea shore, and came back with a bleeding foot and without one of her slippers, the boy Denis sets out to find the little child he loves. "A sudden thought comes to me, and, whenever I remember it, my heart is full of thankfulness to the gracious Giver of all good thoughts. Madame, of whom I was not afraid, and who sometimes was amused by my prattle, would now and then take a walk accompanied by Martha, her maid, who held the infant, and myself, who liked to draw it in its carriage. We used to walk down to the shore, and there was a rock there on which the poor lady would sit for hours. 'You take her home, mother,' says I, all in a tremble. 'You give me the lantern, and I'll go—I'll go—' I was off before I said where. Down I went, through

Westgate; down I ran along the road towards the place where I guessed at. When I had gone a few hundred yards, I saw in the road something white. It was the Countess's slipper, that she had left there. I knew she had gone that way. I got down to the shore, running, running with all my little might. The moon had risen by this time, shining gloriously over a great silvery sea. A tide of silver was pouring in over the sand. Yonder was that rock where we often had sat. The infant was sleeping on it under the stars unconscious. He, who loves little children, had watched over it. I scarcly can see the words as I write them down. My little baby was waking. She had known nothing of the awful sea coming nearer with each wave; but she knew me as I came, and smiled, and warbled a little infant welcome. I took her up in my arms, and trotted home with my pretty burden. As I paced up the hill, Monsieur de la Motte and one of the French clergyman met me. By ones and twos, the other searchers after my little wanderer came home from their quest. She was laid in her little crib, and never knew, until years later, the danger from which she had been rescued."

That which Thackeray calls the Westgate

would be the New Gate, leading from Winchelsea to Pett and Fairlight.

In the High Street of Rye is the Grammar School, built at the cost of Thomas Peacock, gentleman, in 1636, and endowed by him two years later. For some years there was on the front a sun-dial, given by Col. de Lacy Evans, who at one time served Rye in Parliament, but this monitor of time has been removed to the Town Hall, and the quaint brick building with its projecting pilasters is probably little altered from what it was when Denis Duval passed through its arched doorway into the schoolroom beyond. Thackeray calls its Pocock's. Denis boarded, it will be remembered, with the hypocritical Rudge, who combined with the business, openly pursued, of a grocer, the concealed trade of a smuggler, and added to both the pious pretentions of "chief man among the Wesleyans."

The first visit to Rye of the Apostle of Methodism was in October, 1758. He preached there again in November, 1767, "when," he says, "a poor prodigal who was cut to the heart the first time I was there, was one of the audience; but exceeding drunk." On December 11th, 1769, he was again at Rye, and

THE WESLEY TREE, WINCHELSEA.

"judging most of the congregation to be awakened," he took the parable of Dives and Lazarus as the topic of his discourse. On 30th October, 1771, he walked from Rye to Winchelsea, "said to have been once a large city, with abundance of trade and of inhabitants, the sea washing the foot of the hill on which it stands. The situation is exceeding bold, the hill being high and steep on all sides. But the town is shrunk almost into nothing, and the seven churches into half a one. I preached at eleven in the new square to a considerable number of serious people." Remembering Mr. Rudge's character, it is noteworthy that Wesley records in his diary under date November 22nd, 1773, that in Sussex he "found abundance of good people willing to hear the good word, at Rye in particular. And they do many good things gladly; but they will not part with the accursed thing—smuggling, so I fear with regard to them our labour will be in vain." He visited Rye again 21st November, 1775, and on January 19th, 1778, he sorrowfully notes, "How large a society would be here could we but spare them in one thing. Nay, but then all our labour would be in vain. One sin allowed would intercept the whole blessing." Doubtless

this is another allusion to smuggling, and in November, 1778, he refers to the doubtful disputations of the Rye brethern. In December, 1784, he pursued his weary journey through the snowy roads, but when he arrived late the house was well filled with serious hearers, so that he did not repent of his labours. On 28th October, 1788, he went by the stage coach from London, due at Rye by six in the evening, but finding it would not arrive until eight, he took a post chaise at Hawkhurst, and "with much ado" reached Rye soon after six. Without staying to eat or drink, he proceeded to the crowded meeting house, and with difficulty making his way through the people, prayed and preached. Another meeting was held at five o'clock in the morning on the following day before Wesley's departure. On 28th January, 1789, Wesley opened the new preaching house at Rye. "It is," he says, "a noble building, much loftier than most of our buildings, and finely situated at the head of the town." Next day he preached both at Winchelsea and Rye. On his last visit he preached at Rye to a large congregation on 5th October, 1790. "I was now," he says, "informed how signally God had overtaken that wretch who murdered Mr.

Haddock some years since. Being lately overtaken by Captain Bray in one of the King's cutters, he made a desperate resistance, and even when boarded, fought still, and drew a cutlass at Captain Bray; who then hewed him in pieces with his cutlass." This is one of the many grim legends of Sussex smuggling. His last visit was on 6th October, 1790, when he went to "that poor skeleton of ancient Winchelsea." He stayed at the house of an eminently pious woman, Miss Jones, who gave him an account of a desperate illness which had kept her in bed two months. One day the thought came into her mind, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me whole! Be it according to thy will," and immediately she felt well again, and arose and dressed herself. Standing under the large tree by the side of the Church, he called to "most of the inhabitants" of the town, "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand; repent and believe the gospel." He preached again in the meeting house at Rye, but the sermon preached under the tree by Winchelsea Church was the last delivered in the open air by the founder of Methodism, who died 2nd March, 1791, at the age of 88.

When Denis is at school at Rye, a plot is

hatched against him by Rudge's daughter, who is doubtless instigated by Weston. He is accused of stealing marked money, which is found in his box, having been put there by the conspirators. Here is the Town Hall where the charge was made, where the perjured witnesses swore falsely, where the boy's innocence was triumphantly established. And as he came out of the court-house "postboys were galloping all over the land to announce that we were at war with France." The schoolboys had another problem now added to their discussions of the American War and Burgoyne's surrender. "We had a half holiday for Long Island," said Tom Parrott, "I suppose we shall be flogged all round for Saratoga." After the trial, Dr. Barnard, the good clergyman, takes the boy a walk by the old Ypres Tower, built as a fort, but for generations used as a prison. Then they go into the Church of Rye, where the boy gratefully and reverently joins in thanksgiving to the heavenly power that had delivered him from peril. At Rye, Denis and the other boys were constantly down at the water, and "learned to manage a boat pretty easy." Here he half-a-dozen times took part in smuggling adventures, quite unconscious of the

illegal character of the enterprise, until his mother after a conversation with the friendly Dr. Barnard, says, "He has reason. The boy shall not go out any more. We will try and have one honest man in the family." All along the coast smuggling went on, and Rye harbour did not differ from its neighbours in this respect. Soon after this occurs Denis Duval's journey to London, in company with Dr. Barnard and Mr. George Weston. They are attacked by a highwayman, whom young Denis Duval shoots with a little pistol charged with small shot. The highwayman is really Joseph Weston in disguise. The two brothers, whilst living at the Priory and passing off as country squires and adherents of the Roman Catholic faith, are really "gentlemen highway-men" and smugglers. Thackeray has here preserved the names of two notorious criminals.

The career of the Westons was very remarkable, and even if some liberal discount be made from the stories told of them the record of their successful villany remains an interesting chapter in the romance of crime. Several accounts were published of their trials, and the greatly promising title of one will be found recorded in a

footnote.* The two brothers were both daring and accomplished rogues. George Weston was born in 1753, at Stone in Staffordshire, and was the son of a small farmer. He received his education at a Grammar School, and had the reputation of being the best penman of all the pupils, an accomplishment which he afterwards turned to evil uses. Joseph was born at Stone, in 1759, educated at the same school as his brother, but was not so good a scholar. George came to London in 1773 to seek his fortune, and became chief clerk in a mercantile house at £200 a year, which was a considerable salary in those days. Then he sent for his brother, and gave him a post. So far George's career was creditable, but "gay life" had charms he could not or would not resist; he misappropriated money and fled to Holland,

* "Genuine memoirs of the Lives of George and Joseph Weston, now under sentence of death in Newgate; the first for forgery, the latter for shooting at John Davis, and wounding him in Cock Lane. Including a particular account of all their adventures, exploits, manœuvres, forgeries, travels, amours, and intrigues of different kinds from their infancy to the present time; with a curious and authentic description of the manner of their being taken, very different from what has hitherto been represented. To which is now added an account of their escaping from Newgate on the second of July 1782 and the manner of their being retaken. With their trials at large at the Old Bayley on Saturday July 6. Taken down verbatum in shorthand by [William] Williamson, shorthand writer; together with Judge Buller's curious and judicious charge to the Jury. The second Edition. London: printed for John Walker, 44, Paternoster Row." 8vo, pp. IV., 76.

whither his brother followed. George came back to England in disguise, cut his fine hair and wore a wig. At Durham he is said to have captivated an elderly Methodist, but the marriage was frustrated by a barrister on the circuit, who recognised Weston. He thereupon left Durham, and went to York races. Having lost his money there, he joined Whiteley's company of comedians, and acted under the name of Wilford. His next move was to Manchester, where he was a schoolmaster, and read the London papers "at the club." He is said to have been chosen Constable—which appears to be false,—forged draughts on publicans, and left in haste lest a worse thing should befall him. In 1774, the two brothers met at a fair in Warwickshire, where they were both swindling. At Lynn, they induced a farmer with whom they lodged to lend them all his money, which was over a hundred pounds in amount. A girl whom Joseph had seduced, threatening trouble, the brothers went to Scotland. At Blackburn they passed under the name of Gilbert. Returning to London, they traded on the charms of a notorious courtezan of the day. George took a house in Queen Anne Street and played the part of a country squire,

and had many visitors, who were chiefly sporting men. They borrowed plate from "Fanny" for a big dinner party, and did not return the loan they had thus obtained from the frail but good-natured lady of the town. They next robbed the Bristol mail, and advertised to lend money on plate. The money lent was that which they had stolen. On the day of their arrrest the Westons gave a bill of sale for £2,500, and jewels were sold for £4,000. In 1776, they were at Brough in Lincolnshire, and in the same year they rented an estate at Beckenham, Kent, in the name of Green, and one at Bratley as Gilbert. They were arrested at Bishop's Castle, Shropshire, but apparently escaped. In 1777, we hear of them on a farm of Lord Alborough's in Ireland. Here they paid their way by forged bills and draughts. They were known as "the two pigeons at Lucas's," for their play at hazard; but they were rooks, not pigeons. From Ireland they went to Tenby, where George was Mr. Scott and Joseph Mr. Watson. A matter of a forged draft led them from Tenby to Biddeford. In August, 1778, they were at Brecknock, engaged in the aristocratic amusement of grouse shooting. They combined business with this pleasure by forging a draft in

the name of Joseph Hart. They now passed as James Clark and Thomas Smith. George was arrested, tried at Warwick Assizes, and condemned to be hung, but escaped from jail. At the end of 1778, the brothers had a vessel of their own at Folkestone, and were called "the gentlemen smugglers" by the meaner crew engaged in that illegal but lucrative business. They are heard of in Scotland again, and also in Liverpool. The crowning exploit of their career as highwaymen was on January 29th, 1781, when they robbed the Bristol Mail, and took from it the large sum of £10,000. George travelled in a post-chaise north to Newcastle. Several of the bills were passed by one of the brothers, disguised as a footman. About Michaelmas, the brace of rogues took the "Friars," Winchelsea, and passed as Mr. Johnson and Samuel Watson. They had a couple of "ladies" with them, who were supposed to be their wives. They were milliners of easy virtue from Red Lion Square, but as ignorant of the real character of their husbands as the rest of the world, "Mrs Johnson" and "Mrs. Watson" were quiet, well-behaved girls, and were received without suspicion by the neighbouring gentry. The Westons kept up good style, had servants

in liveries, and kept hunters. They lived at Winchelsea until January, 1782, when they took a house at Brompton for the girls. The Westons visited Margate, and played there with a young lawyer who could not pay. The result was a fierce dispute. George took off his glove, and a bystander noticed that he had a peculiar thumb nail, resembling a parrot's beak. This was the mark of a man wanted for the Bristol robbery. The bystander set off for London, and the police-runners came down—a few hours after the brothers had sailed for Ostend. They returned to their fine house at Winchelsea to find that, as they had not paid for the furniture and plate, the creditors had taken out a writ. The officers who had to serve it met the brothers at Rye and tried to dismount Joseph, but the Westons showed their pistols and rode off safely to London. They were, however, followed to Clement's Hotel, at the corner of Holles and Wardour Street. They actually passed the officer stationed at the door to apprehend them, but a hue and cry was raised and they turned up Richmond's Buildings, which proved to be a *cul-de-sac*, and so returning were arrested in Broad Street. George was knocked down by a

carpenter with a plank of wood. Joseph was also knocked down, his captor being a currier who disabled him by breaking his legs. He fired off pistols but without damaging anyone. Joseph was committed to Tothill Fields Prison, and George to Newgate. Their cases were set down for trial at the Old Bailey Sessions, May 15th, 1782, but were postponed. George, who stood five feet seven inches high, was dressed as an abbé. Joseph, who was five feet ten, wore a military costume. He had on a scarlet frock coat with red buttons, a white waistcoat, and his hair *à l'Artois*. On the 2nd of July their wives breakfasted with them in Newgate, and they ordered a large bottle of wine, so large that the wicket was opened to pass it in. Knocking down a man and woman, the Westons now escaped. They had sawn off their fetters in anticipation of such an attempt. Joseph ran down Cock Lane, when one John Davis was passing with a sack of peas on his back. Hearing a cry of "Stop Thief," he arrested the further progress of Joseph, who threatened him with his pistol and finally shot at him. The delay was fatal to escape, and Joseph was taken back to Newgate. George was recaptured in Warwick Lane, and the two other

prisoners who had escaped in the confusion were also retaken. On July 4th the brothers were brought up, and Saturday, July 6th, fixed for their trial. There were thirty-seven counts in the indictment. They were first tried for robbing the Bristol mail, and although they were undoubtably the culprits, a verdict of "not guilty" was returned. George was then tried in the King's Bench for forgery and found guilty. Joseph was tried for shooting at John Davis, who gave evidence, and a verdict of guilty was returned in this case also, so that the two brothers found themselves, at the end of their career of extravagance and swindling, under a common sentence of death. Joseph's conviction was secured under the "Black Act" (9, George II., c, 22), which seems to have been originally aimed at combinations of poachers—"ill-designing and disorderly persons [who] have associated themselves under the name of 'Blacks,' and entered into confederacies to support and assist one another in stealing and destroying deer, robbing warrens and fishponds." Weston was not a "Black," but he had shot at a man, and the meshes of this particular law were strong enough to retain him. The two brothers, George and Joseph Weston,

were executed at Tyburn, 3rd September, 1782. That day at nine o'clock, Newgate opened its gloomy gates to six men doomed to death. There were two carts each having three convicts in it. The Westons read in the breviary, occasionally "directing their eyes in the posture of fervent ejaculations to heaven." The other condemned men were Protestants, and were as busy with the Prayer Book, except the youngest, who met his fate with "hardened insensibility." A priest had accompanied the Ordinary of Newgate in his carriage, and when the ropes were fastened round the necks of the convicts, these good ministers of the gospel got into the carts where the six poor wretches now stood awaiting their end. When the Westons had made their confession, the priest at the desire of George, repeatedly "put his hand into his pocket from which he extracted various articles which were disposed of agreeably to his advice." The two brothers bade farewell to the priest, to the Ordinary, to their fellow sufferers, and then after a fraternal embrace, they joined their hands together, and were launched into eternity. Their struggles were brief, a few convulsions, and the pathetic black figures, but a moment previously

full of life and—let us hope—of sincere penitence for misspent lives, were still for evermore.

The present mansion known as the Friary, at Winchelsea, only dates from the second decade of the present century, but in the grounds is the choir of a ruined house of the Friars Minors. These Franciscan monks had a place in Winchelsea soon after the establishment of the order in England in 1220, and when the old town was ruined, a fresh site was selected on the hill where the new town was to be built. The apse and ruined arch are very picturesque. Though the temporary home of the Westons has disappeared, the ancient burial ground remains, and here fancy may act over again the solemn scene when the unhappy Clarisse de Saverne was committed to the earth. And up this garden wall Denis would clamber to see little Agnes, and to be endangered by brickbats from his enemy, Joseph Weston. Denis walked round by the Friary from Rye that he might have a glimpse of Agnes' "little twinkling window in a gable of the Priory House, where the light used to be popped out at nine o'clock." Writing years after, in the midst of his happy home, Denis says, "T'other day when we took over the King of France to Calais (His

Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence being in command), I must needs hire a post-chaise from Dover, to look at that old window in the Priory House, at Winchelsea. I went through the old tears, despairs, tragedies. I sighed as sentimentally, after forty years, as though the *infandi dolores* were fresh upon me, as though I were the schoolboy trudging back to his task, and taking a last look at his dearest joy. I used as a boy to try and pass that window at nine, and I knew a prayer was said for the inhabitant of yonder chamber. She knew my holidays, and my hours of going to school and returning thence. If my little maid hung certain signals in that window, such as a flower, for example, to indicate all was well, a cross curtain, and so forth. I hope she practised no very unjustifiable statagems. We agreed to consider that she was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy; and we had few means of communication, save these simple artifices, which are allowed to be fair in love and war."

One night, when Denis has taken Agnes home, and is walking from the Friary by the Church wall, he is bludgeoned and taken up by the press-gang at the instigation of his enemies, but fortunately is carried on board the "Serapis,"

commanded by Captain Pearson, who is acquainted with him, knows his history, and is a friend of Dr. Barnard. So Denis Duval is entered as a first-class volunteer, and is rigged out by the proud mother, determined to make a gentlemen as well as a sailor and an honest man of her son. Denis and Agnes were thus parted "I shall see you on Sunday, and this was Friday! Even that interval seemed long to me. Little did either of us know what a long separation was before us, and what strange changes, dangers, adventures, I was to undergo ere I again should press that dearest hand."

The press-gang ended the connection of Denis with Rye and Winchelsea, nor need we follow further a story so well known. Death arrested the skilful hand of Thackeray before the picture was completed, but the outlines at least we know of Denis Duval's adventures in British ships and French prisons; his ultimate conquest of fate; his happy marriage, his green old age, and his death full of years and honours as Rear-Admiral Sir Denis Duval, K.C.B.

As we wander through the quaint streets of Rye aud Winchelsea, and the country lanes by which they are bordered, we are under the spell

of the magic of genius. History, in her safer records, associates the ancient towns with the presence of the great King Edward I. and the great Queen Elizabeth; here have dwelt bold sailors and brave warriors, refugees from oppression have found hospitable haven, but of all the real persons who, in eight centuries, have lived and moved and had their being here, none have the reality and permanance of Denis Duval, of Agnes, and the rest of the fictitious creatures, the offspring of Thackeray's brain, to whom he gave a local habitation and a lasting name in Rye and Winchelsea.

The "Long Man of Wilmington."

"THE world knows nothing of its greatest men" is the declaration of the poet, and it may safely be affirmed that thousands of the visitors who yearly flock to Hastings, St. Leonard's, Bexhill, and Eastbourne are unaware that an easy excursion would bring them into proximity with the smallest church, the largest "man," and the oldest inn in the United Kingdom. From all the Sussex watering-places it is easy to reach Polegate Junction. From the station we descend into the Lewes Road, and turning to the right, we see a fingerpost which invites us to Jevington, but, resisting the temptation, proceed steadily along the highway until we come to a third fingerpost, which indicates the road to Wilmington. The highway was monotonous and not particularly interesting, but this country by road is of a different quality. The lane is bounded on each side by steep hedgerows plentifully studded with wild flowers. The cottages have a quaint and old-fashioned air.

The landscape is steeped in a sense of quiet and repose. A long low-built joiner's shop is open to the view; wood and tools are visible, but not even a solitary workman. Picturesque but lonely is the aspect of the village of Wilmington. To the right of the lane some steps lead up the slight eminence upon which the church is placed. In the green God's-acre lie the silent patriarchs of the village, their hands folded from labour, and their voices hushed and still. An enormous yew-tree stands at the east end of the church, and we rest for a while on the low benches beneath its ample shade. The church door, as is frequently the case in Sussex, is standing open, and we enter.* The restorer has been at work here as

* It is noteworthy that Horace Smith's poem "Why are they Shut?" was composed while the author was sitting outside a country church, in Sussex, much regretting that, as it was week day, he could not gain admittance to the sacred edifice.

"Why are our churches shut with jealous care,
Bolted and barred against our bosom's yearning,
Save for the few short hours of Sabbath prayer,
With the bell's tolling statedly returning—
Why are they shut?

If with diurnal drudgeries o'erwrought,
Or sick of dissipation's dull vagaries,
We wish to snatch one little space for thought,
Or holy respite in our sanctuaries—
Why are they shut?

What! shall the church, the house of prayer no more
Give tacit notice from its fastened portals,
That for six days 'tis useless to adore,
Since God will hold no communings with mortals?
Why are they shut?

elsewhere, and since 1883, Wilmington has lost the untouched appearance that delights the archæologist, although it may not always have the same charm for the parson and his flock. Some of the arches at Wilmington appear to be cut out of the chalk. There is a finely-carved pulpit with an elaborate canopy which well repay examination; but what has become of the grotesque figure which formerly decorated the western wall? There is no one visible to answer this question. Next to the church are some ruins of an Augustinian priory, and from the churchyard there is an extensive view of char-

Are there no sinners in the churchless week,
  Who wish to sanctify a vowed repentance?
Are there no hearts bereft which fain would seek
  The only balm for Death's unpitying sentence?
    Why are they shut?

Are there no poor, no wronged, no heir of grief,
  No sick who, when their strength or courage falters,
Long for a moment's respite or relief,
  By kneeling at God of mercy's altars?
    Why are they shut?

Are there no wicked whom, if tempted in,
  Some qualm of conscience or devout suggestion
Might suddenly redeem from future sin?
  O, if there be, how solemn is the question—
    Why are they shut?

In foreign climes mechanics leave their tasks
  To breath a passing prayer in their cathedrals,
There they have week-day shrines, and no one asks
  When he would kneel to them and count his head-rolls—
    Why are they shut?

Seeing them enter sad and disconcerted,
  To quit those cheering fanes with looks of gladness,—
How often have my thoughts to ours reverted!
  How oft have I exclaimed in tones of sadness—
    Why are they shut

acteristic Sussex scenery. To-day, with soft fleecy clouds floating here and there across the sky that overhangs the South Downs and the plains dotted with hamlets that stretch from them, it is such a landscape as Constable loved to paint.

With lingering steps we leave the churchyard, and, regaining the lane, are soon past the village. Then signs of life become visible, and we watch with lazy interest some men who are ploughing. To the left there is a cart track leading from the road to a chalk pit that comes into view. This brings us to the largest "man" in the United Kingdom.

For who within a parish church can stroll
Wrapt in its week-day stillness and vacation,
Nor feel that in the very air his soul
Receives a sweet and hallowing lustration?
Why are they shut?

The vacant pews, blank aisles, and empty choir,
All in a deep sepulchral silence shrouded,
An awe more solemn and intense inspire,
Then when with Sabbath congregations crowded.
Why are they shut?

The echoes of our footsteps, as we tread
On hollow graves, are spiritual voices;
And holding mental converse with the dead,
In holy reveries our soul rejoices.
Why are they shut?

If there be one—one only—who might share
This sanctifying week-day adoration,
Were but our churches open to his prayer,
Why—I demand with earnest iteration—
Why are they shut?

The "Long Man of Wilmington" is an enormous figure marked upon the steep hillside of one of the South Downs. The local patriots, fearful lest the grassy outlines should grow dim, have marked them out with bricks. A ruder pictorial effort could hardly be imagined, but gradually as we move about there is something of distinctness in the huge image. A shapeless cap appears to surmount a face which has eyes and nose, but no mouth. A stiff but sturdy right arm is outstretched to clasp a staff that is the exact length of the whole figure. The left arm holds a similar walking-stick. With these aids to locomotion the "Long Man" appears to be making a step forward on the hillside. The feet are enormous and unshapely lumps. The figure is 230 feet in length, and the width from staff to staff is 119 feet. As we walk round its outlines on the stiff short grass with which the chalky downs are covered, we recognise the enormous size of this Sussex Giant. His greatness grows upon us. Seen from below, the outlines are not always quite easy to discern, and his proportions do not seem impressive; but a "perambulation of the boundaries" proves him to be a veritable son of Anak. When this grassy sculpture was first

carved, and with what object, are matters of plentiful conjecture, but scant certainty. There is a similar figure at Cerne Abbas, in Dorsetshire, which is 180 feet long. The Cerne Giant holds in his hands a club 121 feet long. This is close to a former Benedictine monastery, just as the "Long Man" is near an Augustinian priory. Hence these rude earth sculptures have been attributed to monastic influences. Others regard them as of much greater antiquity, and believe them to be representations of ancient British deities. This is the view taken by the Rev. W. de St. Croix, who, in 1874, with the concurrence and assistance of the Duke of Devonshire and others interested in the locality, had the fading outlines marked by bricks. Dr. J. S. Phenè is a strong supporter of this theory. Both quote the well-known passage in Cæsar as to the images which the Gauls made of their gods. Dr. Phenè thinks that this spot at Wilmington was a sacrificial arena.

We now leave the Long Man of Wilmington in his solitary state, and, ascending the steep above his head, we are soon amid the breezes of the South Downs. After this blow, we descend until we reach the lane that leads to Folkington,

but instead of descending upon that tiny Saxon settlement, we find a track over a hill of lower range, and after a time we see across the fields the church of Lullington, and are quickly at it. There is an ample churchyard, but the tombstones are very few. As the church door is fastened, we seek the key, and find it in the keeping of a cottager close by. The entrance may be described as a second-hand barn-door, and it opens into a room that is said to be sixteen feet square. The description appears to be accurate. On the wall in front the Creed and the Commandments are painted in fading colours. To the right and in the corner is the pulpit; to the left is the space allotted for the choir. To the right of the entrance door stands a plain but massive font; to the left is a very small stove let into the wall. That is all. We return to the churchyard, and look again at the outside. The edifice is a single square tower, surmounted by what looks like a wooden belfrey, ornamented with a weather-vane. In the wall by the door is a tablet to the memory of a former rector, but Time's effacing finger has made most of the laudatory epitaph illegible. Close by, and jutting out from the wall, is a low ruined wall,

including the fragmentary tracery of a Gothic window. One famous name is associated with this tiny parish, for when Elizabeth was Queen, the lord of the manor of Lullington was Sir Philip Sidney. We enter into conversation with the woman-sacristan of this tiny edifice.

"What is the population of Lullington now?"

"There are only sixteen in the parish, sir."

"There were more a few years ago, were there not?"

"Yes, there were twenty-six people in the parish twenty-five years ago."

"And how often do you have service here?"

"Every other Sunday, in the afternoon."

"What sort of a congregation is there?"

"Well, the attendance has been increasing. There were only six or seven some time ago, but now we have large congregations, as many as sixteen or twenty. Of course they don't all belong to this parish; but our minister is rector of Wilmington, and when he comes here he brings his choir with him."

"What is the age of Lullington Church?"

"It is 500 years old, for it was built in 1300. The little stone wall near the door is what came from the tower when it was struck by lightning."

This is not the view of the archæologists, who hold that the church was once much larger. The reduction of its size is said to have been made in the time of Cromwell.

"And is this really the smallest church in England?"

"Yes, sir, this is now the very smallest, I believe. There was one in the Isle of Wight that was as little, or less, but it has been made bigger; and so Lullington is now the least church in England."

"You have a large churchyard, but there appear to be very few tombs. Are there ever any burials?"

"There has been one burial in my time, sir, but it was a man from another parish."

"And how long have you been in Lullington?"

"Seventeen years, sir."

Clearly it is not Death that is depopulating Lullington.

After some further talk we bid good-bye to the sacristan of Lullington, and, taking a field track to the right, we make our way over two bridges that cross the river Cuckmere, and are at once in another old-world village—Alfriston. Here, in 1782, died Mr. Charles Pendrel, a surgeon, who

was a descendant of that Richard Pendrel, who concealed the fugitive Charles Stuart in the spreading branches of the oak tree after the Battle of Worcester. The worthy surgeon had possession of the patent and pension granted by the royal adventurer whom the British nation recalled to a throne which he disgraced.

Aluriceton—such is its ancient name—is full of interest for the archæologist. The High Street has scarcely a modern attribute. What is left of an ancient market-cross is a conspicuous object, and near it is the Star Inn, whose remarkable exterior attracts the notice of every traveller. At one end is a huge grotesque figure that once formed the figure-head of a ship. Along the front of the house are carved figures. Here is St. George waging terrific warfare against a most ferocious dragon ; there is a quaint head ; here are uncertain animals holding a staff, whilst a little lower at one side of the door-post is the figure of a priest, who has for companion on the other jamb the effigy of St. Julian, the friend and patron of travellers. This must be the oldest inn in England, and it is believe to have been a house of call for the pilgrims who were wending their way to the

shrine of St. Richard of Chichester. Past the old-fashioned shops and houses of the village, and taking the road to the left of the cross, and then keeping to the right, we pass by pleasant country roads and lanes until we come to Berwick station. Berwick has its historic associations also, for when the Battle of Lewes was fought, Philip Basset, Lord of Berwick, a stout champion of the King, was the last man to keep the field on that day of disaster to the Royal cause. He was captured, and sent as a prisoner to Dover Castle in the custody of young Simon, the son of the great Simon de Montfort, whose name is writ large in English history. But railways have scant respect for the memories of the past, and by a few minutes' ride we are brought again to our starting point of Polegate, having had about nine miles of walking from first to last.

The True Maid of the South.

THE woman who disguises herself as a man, sometimes from military ardour, sometimes under the influence of a gentler passion, is a familiar figure in literature. In the following ballad the nameless Lass of Rye makes but a poor figure by the side of Rosalind or Viola, but she has a certain rustic charm of her own. The adventures of the "True Maid of the South" and her lover, the "Pride of Leicestershire," were printed in ballad form about 1630, and are here reproduced, with the omission of two verses, unessential to the story, which, whilst not offending the ears of the "liberal shepherds" of a bygone generation, might now be deemed objectionable.

THE TRUE MAYDE OF THE SOUTH,

or,

A rare example of a Maide dwelling at Rie, in Sussex, who, for the love of a young man of Lester-shire, went beyond the Sea in the habit of a Page, and after to their hearts content, were both marryed at Magrum, in Germany, and now dwelling at Rye aforesaid.

To the Tune of "Come, come, my sweet and bonny one."

Within the haven towne of Rye,
That stands in Sussex faire,
There dwelt a maide, whose constancie
Transcendeth all compare:
This turtle dove
Did dearly love
A youth, who did appeare
In minde and face
To be the grace
And pride of Lester-shire.

This young man, with a noble peere
Who lik't his service well,
Went from his native Lester-shire
In Sussex for to dwell:
Where living, nye
The towne of Rye,
This pretty mayde did heare
Of his good parts,
Who by deserts
Was pride of Lester-shire

For comming once into that towne,
It was at first his chance
To meet with her, whose brave renowne
All Sussex did advance:
And shee likewise
In his faire eyes,
When once she came him neere,
Did plainely see
That none but hee
Was pride of Lester-shire.

Then little Cupid, God of Love,
Began to play his part;
And on the sudden from above
He shot his golden dart;
Which did constraine
These lovers twaine
To prize each other deare:
Sweet Margery
Lov'd Anthony,
The pride of Lester-shire.

Thus with concordant sympathy
These lovers were combin'd,
One lov'd the other heartily,
Yet neither told their mind:
She long'd to speake,
Her minde to breake
Unto her lover deare,
She durst not tell,
Though she lov'd well
The pride of Lester-shire.

Within short time it came to passe
To sea the young man went,
And left this young and pretty lasse
In woe and discontent:
Who wept full sore,
And griev'd therefore,
When truly she did heare
That her sweet-heart
From her must part,
The pride of Lester-shire.

THE SECOND PART.

To same Tune.

It was his hap that time to goe
To travell with his lord,
Which to his heart did breed much woe
Yet could he not afford
A remedy
To's misery,
But needs hee must leave here
His Madge behinde,
Who griev'd in minde
For the pride of Lester-shire.

She being then bereaved cleane
Of hope, yet did invent,
By her rare policy, a meane
To work her heart's content:
In garments strange
She straight did change
Her selfe, rejecting feare
To go with him,
Whom she did deeme
The pride of Lester-shire.

And in the habit of a page,
She did intreat his lord
That, being a boy of tender age
He would this grace afford—
That he might goe,
Service to show
To him both farre and neere
Who little thought
What love she ought
To the pride of Lester-shire

This lord did take her, as he seem'd
To be a pretty lad,
And for his page he her esteem'd,
Which made her heart full glad:
To sea went shee
And so did hee
Whom she esteem'd so deare;
Who, for her sake,
Great moane did make,
And shed full many a teare.

* * * *

For having travelled sixe weeks
Unknowne unto her lover,
With rosie blushes in her cheekes
Her mind she did discover:
"See here," quoth she,
"One that for thee
Hath left her parents dear—
Poore Magery,
The mayde of Rie,
I am, behold me here!'

When Anthony did heare this word,
His heart with joy did leape;
He went unto his noble lord
To whom he did report
This wonderful thing,
Which straight did bring
Amazement to him there:
"Of such a page,
In any age,"
Quoth he, "I did not heare."

At Magrum then in Germany
Their lord did see them marryed,
From whence unto the towne of Rye,
In England, were they carry'd;
Where now they dwell,
Beloved well
Of neighbours farre and neere;
Sweet Magery
Loves Anthony,
The pride of Lester-shire.

You mayds and young men warning take
By these two lovers kinde,
Whoever you your choyce doe make,
To them be true in minde;
For, perfect love
Comes from above,
As may by this appeare,
Which came to passe
By Sussex lasse,
And the lad of Lester-shire.

FINIS.

Printed at London for Francis Cules.

The "True Mayde" has been re-printed in the Ballad Society's edition of the Roxburghe Ballads.

"Old Humphrey's" Grave.

MANY who have reached or passed the middle stage of life will remember with gratitude the healthy influence and good council of that prolific author, who, whilst writing under many names, was best known as "Old Humphrey." A couple of hundred books and a myriad of articles, verses and sketches flowed from the pen of George Mogridge, who more than forty years ago went to Hastings in search of health, but remained there to die.

Literary reputation is often fleeting, but many visitors to that ancient Cinque Port desire to see the grave of Old Humphrey.

Wending our way along the Marine Parade, thronged with holiday-makers, and surmounted by the hill on which stands the ruined walls of Hastings Castle, we thread the narrow High Street with its old world air and many quaint buildings, and then after looking at the picturesque, aloe-covered house that was so long the residence of Mr. Coventry Patmore, the poet, we turn into "Old Humphrey's Avenue," a shady

walk leading from High Street to All Saints' Church. The church itself is a low-built but handsome Gothic edifice, standing on the slope of a hill and having one portion of the churchyard on a lower and another on a higher level than that of the sacred edifice. Close by the church wall is a tomb surmounted by a classical urn, and the inscription on two sides reads as follows :—

THE MORTAL REMAINS OF
ELIZA,
THE BELOVED WIFE OF
LIEUT. BEAZELEY, R.N.
are buried here.
SHE
DEPARTED THIS LIFE 30TH OCT., A.D. 1823.
AGED 24 YEARS.
THEIR INFANT DAUGHTER
EMMA
FOLLOWED HER MOTHER NOVR. 4TH, A.D. 1823.
AGED 16 DAYS.

Led by the Truth which Swedenborg has taught,
She gave her heart, her mind, her every thought
To JESUS CHRIST, as GOD; and none besides,
IF WHOSE BRIGHT FORM the TRINITY resides,
TH' ETERNAL FATHER in the SON proclaimed
WHOSE HOLY INFLUENCE is the SPIRIT nam'd,
To THIS GREAT SAVIOUR GOD her homage rose,
Her life HE bless'd, and in this world of woes,
HE led her gently from HIS Throne on high,
Through Love to serve HIM, and in Peace to die,

WINCHELSEA CHURCH.

In HIM confiding her blest soul resign'd
Its fair frail tenement assur'd to find
Increasing Beauty, Wisdom, Joy, and Love,
In perfect human Form in worlds above.

Among other curious Christian names that of Everetta may be seen on two grave-stones. One tomb recalls the memory of A. W. Ticehurst, who perished in the foundering of the steamship "London," 5th June, 1866. His fate is recorded on the gravestone of his elder brother, F. P. Ticehurst, who died at the age of 20, "after many years of severe suffering." Thus misfortune sometimes visits and revisits the same family, as we see further exemplified in another epitaph which records a double fatality :—

In memory of EDWARD ALLDREDGE,
who was Maliciously shot
APRIL 23RD, 1806,
AGED 41 YEARS,
Also JAMES, the son of
EDWARD and MARTHA ALLDREDGE,
died Feby. 6th, 1803. Aged 6 years.
Likewise EDWARD her son
who was accidently shot
May 13th, 1810. Aged 15 years.

A pleasant feature of English life is the faithful service that is rendered by those whose fortunes are cast in a humble mould, and who, perhaps

without shining ability, zealously perform the trivial round of daily duty, and make smoother the paths of masters and mistresses to whom they gave what money can never pay for. Equally pleasant is it to find such services gratefully recorded as in this epitaph :—

In Memory of
CRISSY CROW
who died at Hastings
on the 9th March, 1839,
Aged 65,
Humbly trusting in the merits of her Redeemer.
She was the affectionate nurse
of the children of John Thornton, Esq.,
of Clapham, in Surrey ;
in whose family she lived 31 years
esteemed and beloved by
all who knew her.*

Another epitaph preserves the name of

ALEXANDER COMTE DE VENDES

(Chevalier de St. Louis of the ancient guard of King Louis 16th),

* I may add here an epitaph copied in Etchingham churchyard :—

To the Memory of
MARY SKINNER,
who died 11th Sep., 1867,
Aged 70 Years.
A faithful friend and servant in the family of
Mr. and Mrs. Wightwick, of Penenden,
for upwards of half a century.

who died at Hastings
23rd July, 1855,
AGED 89 YEARS.
His goodness and benevolence
gained him the esteem and friendship
of his family and
all those who knew him,
and by all of whom his death
is sincerely regretted.

Thus in a strange land died one who had seen his own heroic nation undergo such great vicissitudes. He was a man when the "Marseillaise" and the "Carmagnole" were first sung and danced in the streets of Paris. He saw the downfall of the *ancien régime*, with its splendour and its crimes; the red rule of Terror; the victorious march of the tricolor across the continent of Europe; the pomp of the First Empire; the restoration of the Bourbons; the brief monarchy of July; the briefer Republic of February, and he died when the Second Empire was at the height of its tinsel glory, and when the writing on the wall had not yet been seen.

And this one from Rottingdean churchyard:—

Sacred to the Memory of
ANN FARRANT,
who departed this life
June 13th, 1862,
for thirty-three years
the faithful and esteemed servant
of Mr. David Allwork.

After pausing over many of these memorials of mortality we come at last upon the object of our search. Old Humphrey's grave is almost against the wall on the upper slope above the church, and just below the road known as the Tackleway. Here, almost hidden behind the tomb of one of more aristocratic degree, is the memorial of the chatty writer, who delighted and instructed thousands with his homely wisdom and cheerful good-sense. Literary fame he did not seek, and notwithstanding his voluminous record as an author, perhaps never had. His desire was not to attract admiration to himself, but to exert a healthy influence on the lives of others. On his tomb we read :—

To the Memory
of
GEORGE MOGRIDGE, Esq.,
of Kingsland, London,
better known in numerous works as
"Old Humphrey."
In his writings
he sought the honour of God
and the highest happiness of mankind,
in his life
he adorned the doctrines of the gospel,
in his death
he rejoiced in the hope of the glory of God
through the merits of Jesus Christ his Saviour.

Cheerful he passed his days below
Though stormy paths his feet had trod,
For he had found in every woe,
The mingled mercies of his God;
And they sustained him in his fears
In youth, in manhood, and in years.

—OLD HUMPHREY.

He died at Hastings, November 2nd, 1854,
Aged 67 years.

The committee of the Religious Tract Society
have caused this stone to be erected
to mark their high estimate
of his character and works.

A fitting resting place for a good man. The everlasting hills are about him, close by is the murmuring sea, and above and below busy feet pass by the green slope of the hill-side where he sleeps.

A Mediæval Legend of Winchelsea.

A MONKISH scribe of the thirteenth century has left us a Latin version of a curious tradition of bygone Sussex.* According to this chronicler there was once an avaricious man living in the neighbourhood of Winchelsea, who hoarded in a chest money which was of no benefit either to himself or to others. One day, as he went to look at his beloved treasure, he saw sitting on the box a little black demon. If he was startled at the sight, he was still more startled to hear this apparition exclaim, "Begone, this money is not thine; it belongs to Godwin, the Smith." Unable to make use of the

* The story was communicated by the late Mr. W. J. Thoms to the "Altdeutsche Blaetter" from a Latin MS. of the thirteenth century which is now in the British Museum. It reads:—Quidam in partibus de Winchelse, sibi aggregavit pecuniam in cista, de qua nec sibi nec aliis voluit subvenire. Veniens igitur una die ut eam videret, vidit super eam quendam diabolum sedere nigerrimum, dicentem sibi, "Recede, nec est pecunia tua, sed Godewini fabri." Quod ille audiens, et nolens eam in alicujus commodum pervenire, cavavit magnum truncum, ipsamque imposuit, reclusit, et in mare projecit. Quem quidem truncum marinæ undae ante ostium dicti Godewini, viri justi et innocentis, manentis in proxima villa, super litus in siccum projecerunt, circa vigilium Dominici Natalis. Exiens itaque idem Godwinus mane, invenit truncum projectum, multumque gavisus pro habendo foco in tento festo, eum in domum suam traxit, et ad locum foci gaudem apposuit. Intrante itaque festi praedicti

treasure himself, he decided that no one else should have it. He therefore hollowed out the trunk of a great tree, put the box in it, closed up the ends, and threw it into the sea. The waters carried the trunk to the door of Godwin, who dwelt in the next town—evidently Rye. Godwin who was a righteous and innocent man was preparing to hold a Christmas festival, and the appearance of this log was a source of rejoicing, as it would evidently make a capital yule log. So the Smith carried home the tree trunk, and put it in his fireplace. On Christmas Eve the fire was lighted, and the heat caused the money within the box to melt and the metal ran out. Godwin's wife saw this, and taking the log from the fire, she hid it. The result was that Godwin the Smith became rich, whilst the Winchelsea man was forced to beg his

vigilia, ignis trunco supponitur, metallum intro latens liquescit, et exterius defunditur. Quod videns uxor dicti Godwini, ignem subtrahit, truncum movet et abscondit. Sicque ut dominus praedictae pecuniae victum quaereret hostiatim, dictusque faber de paupere fieret inopinate dives, devulgatur quia in vicinio quod miser ille pecuniam suam demersisset, cogitavit ergo uxor dicti Godwini quod eidem misero in aliquo cautius subveniret, cogitans dictam pecuniam fuisse suam, fecit uno die panem unum, et in eo xl. solidos abscondens dedit ei. Quem infortunatus ille accipiens piscatoribus super litus obviavit, panem eis pro uno denario vendidit, et recessit. Venientes itaque piscatores ad domum dicti Godwini, prout fuerunt assueti, dictum panem extrahunt et suis equis elargiri proponunt. Quem agnoscens domina domus, avenam pro eis dedit et eum recepit. Idemque miser finetenus pauper undique remansit.

bread from door to door. But the story of the manner in which the miser had lost his wealth became known, and when he begged at the Smith's house, the wife of Godwin thought she would give the poor caitiff some help. So one day she baked a loaf, and hid forty shillings in it, and gave it to the beggar. The miser went his way, and soon after met some fishermen on the beach, to whom he sold the loaf unbroken, for a penny. The fishermen came to Godwin's house, and were about to give the loaf to their horses when the mistress recognised it, and let them have some oats instead. So the miser remained poor to the end of his days.

Such is the tale to which the local habitation and name of Winchelsea has been given, but it is a story that exists in various forms. A very similar version appears in Wright's "Latin Stories," from a fourteenth century M.S., and a like narrative forms a part of the "Liber de Donis" of Stephanus de Borbone (No. 414). In the Latin "Gesta Romanorum"—but not in the English—it appears as Tale cix. No names are mentioned, but we are told that a certain covetous and wicked carpenter residing near the sea, had a large sum of money in the

trunk of a tree, which he kept by his fire-side. But the sea overflowed its boundaries and broke down that side of the building, and the log floated many miles, until it reached a city where there lived a man who kept open house. Early in the morning he saw the trunk, and brought it to land. One day he entertained some pilgrims in his house; and as the weather was cold, he decided to cut up the log for firewood, and as he did so the gold pieces rolled out. He put the money in a safe place, until he could ascertain the owner. The carpenter, lamenting the loss of his money, travelled from place to place, and came, by accident, to the house of the man who had found the treasure. He told of his loss, and the host said to himself, "I will prove, if God will, that the money should be returned to him." With this intention he made three cakes, the first he filled with earth, and the second with dead men's bones, and in the third he put some of the gold. "Friend," said he, "we will eat three cakes, composed of the best we have in the house. Choose which you will. The carpenter took the cakes and weighed them in his hand, and finding that which held the earth was heaviest, he chose it. "And if I want more," said he, "I will have

that," and so laid his hand upon the cake containing the bones. "You may keep the third cake yourself." "I see clearly," said the host to himself, "that God does not desire the money to be restored to this wretched man." He therefore called the poor and the infirm, the blind and the lame together. Then opening the cake of gold in the presence of the carpenter, he said, "Thou miserable wretch, this is thine own gold. But thou didst prefer the cakes of earth, and dead men's bones. I am persuaded, therefore, that God wills not that I return thee thy money." Then, without delay, he distributed the whole amongst the poor, and drove the carpenter away.

The carpenter's choice will at once remind the reader of the incident of the "three caskets" in the "Merchant of Venice." The episode is one that can be traced in various forms to a somewhat remote antiquity. And, notwithstanding a certain amount of local colour the story of the miser's treasure predestined to pious uses is probably of oriental origin.*

* The localisation of these stories is one of the many curious problems of folk-lore. There is the legend of the "trental of St. Gregory," which is practically identical with one in the "Gesta Romanorum" of a priest who, in a vision, sees his dead mother enduring torments for the sin and luxury of her life. This is told in the Harl. MS. 463, 40, of Godefridus, a Sussex chaplain.

Poems of Sussex Places.

IT was a happy thought that led the American poet, Longfellow, to devote so much time to the compilation of an anthology of the "Poems of Places"—the verses which celebrate the charm or record the traditions of localities all over the world that have been regarded with favour by the poets and rhymers. Every English county ought to have its own anthology of this nature, and such compilations would bring to light many things of interest that had escaped the notice of Longfellow. Few men, however, could have been better fitted for the task, for the author of "Evangeline" was not only a true poet but a man of wide reading, sound scholarship, and excellent judgment.

It is perhaps remarkable that Sussex, with its lovely and diversified scenery, and its historical associations, has not more frequently excited the enthusiasm of the topographical muse. These memoranda as to poems of Sussex places, do not claim to be exhaustive, but will, it is hoped, be of

interest to the reader, and perhaps lead to a completer investigation of the subject.

Battle.

Battle has associated with it the memory of the great struggle when the fate of England was decided by William's Norman knights. The story of the battle has been recounted many a time and oft. Charles Kingsley has told again the legend of "The Swanneck," the beautiful Edith, wife or mistress, who identified Harold's gashed and gory corpse which even his mother had failed to recognise. The story of the battle has been told in vigorous verse by Mr. Francis T. Palgrave, in his "Visions of England."

Mr. Joseph Ellis has written a humorous sketch of "Ye Battel Daye," the annual meeting of Sussex Archæological Society, which was held at Battle, 23rd July, 1852 (Cæsar in Egypt, 1885, p. 336) Another comic piece is that in which Thomas Hood recounts "an explosion at Mr. Baker's gunpowder mills." After this "Blow up," the indignant neighbours waited upon the proprietor to ask for reparation for the loss of custom and the damages caused by this untoward event.

Now many a person had been fairly puzzled,
By such assailants and completely muzzled;
Baker, however, was not dashed with ease—
But proved he acted after their own system,
And with small ceremony soon dismissed 'em,
Putting these words into their ears like fleas:
"If I do have a blow, well, where's the oddity?
I merely do as other tradesmen do,
You sir—and you—and you!
I'm only puffing off my own commodity."

Lord Thurlow's sonnet, though entitled "Hastings," seems to be more appropriately placed with the verses relating to Battle.

O moon, that shinest on this heathy wild,
And light'st the hill of Hastings with thy ray,
How am I with thy sad delight beguiled,
How hold with fond imagination play!

By thy broad taper I call up the time
When Harold on the bleeding verdure lay,
Though great in glory, over stained with crime,
And fallen by his fate from kingly sway!

On bleeding knights, and on war-broken arms,
Torn banners, and the dying steed you shone,
When this fair England and her peerless charms,
And all but honor, to the foe were gone!

Here died the king, whom his brave subjects choose,
But dying, lay amid his Norman foes.

Beachy Head.

Charlotte Smith has described this bold headland where the South Downs end in the sea.

Haunts of my youth!
Scenes of fond day dreams, I behold ye yet!
Where 'twas so pleasant by the northern slopes,
To climb the winding sheep-path, aided oft
By scattered thorns, whose spiny branches bore
Small woolly tufts, spoils of the fragrant lamb,
There seeking shelter from the noonday sun;
And pleasant, seated on the short soft turf,
To look beneath upon the hollow way,
While heavily upward moved the labouring wain,
And stalking slowly by, the sturdy hind,
To ease his panting team, stopped with a stone
The grating wheel.

Advancing higher still,
The prospect widens, and the village church
But little o'er the lowly roofs around
Rears its grey belfry, and its simple vane;
Those lowly roofs of thatch are half concealed
By the rude arms of trees, lovely, in spring;
When on each bough the rosy-tinctured bloom
Sits thick, and promises autumnal plenty.
For even those orchards round the Norman farms,
Which, as their owners mark the promised fruit,
Console them; for the vineyards of the South
Surpass not these.

Where woods of ash and beech,
And partial copses fringe the green hill foot,
The upland shepherd rears his modest home;
There wanders by a little nameless stream,
That from the hill wells forth, bright now and clear,
Or after rain with chalky mixture grey,
But still refreshing in its shallow course
The cottage garden, most for use designed,

Yet not of beauty destitute. The vine
Mantles the little casement; yet the briar
Drops fragrant dew among the July flowers;
And pansies rayed, and freaked and motted pinks,
Grow among balm, and rosemary, and rue.
There honeysuckles flaunt and roses blow
Almost uncultured; some with dark green leaves
Contrast their flowers of pure unsullied white;
Others, like velvet robes of regal state
Of richest crimson; while, in thorny moss,
Enshrined and cradled, the most lovely wear
The hues of youthful beauty's glowing cheek.
With fond regret I recollect e'en now,
In spring and summer, what delight I felt
Among these gardens, and how much
Such artless nosegays, knotted with a rush,
By village housewife or her ruddy maid,
Where welcome to me, soon and simply pleased.
An early worshipper at Nature's shrine,
I loved her rudest scenes,—warrens and heaths,
And yellow commons, and birch-shaded hollows,
And hedge-rows bordering unfrequented lanes,
Bowered with wild roses and clasping woodbine.

It was on Beachy Head that the greatest of our living poets, Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne, in September, 1886, wrote his address "To the Seamew," destined to a place of honour among the birds of the great singers.

We are fallen, even we, whose passion
On earth is nearest thine;
Who sing, and cease from flying;
Who live, and dream of dying;

Gray time, in time's gray fashion,
Bids wingless creatures pine:
We are fallen, even we, whose passion
On earth is nearest thine.

The lark knows no such rapture,
Such joy no nightingale,
As sways the songless measure
Wherein thy wings take pleasure:
Thy love may no man capture,
Thy pride may no man quall;
The lark knows no such rapture,
Such joy no nightingale.

And we, whom dreams embolden,
We can but creep and sing
And watch through heaven's waste hollow
The flight no sign may follow
To the utter borne beholden
Of none that lack thy wing:
And we, whom dreams embolden,
We can but creep and sing.

* * * * * *

Ah, well were I for ever,
Wouldst thou change lives with me,
And take my song's wild honey,
And give me back thy sunny
Wide eyes that weary never,
And wings that search the sea;
Ah, well were I for ever,
Wouldst thou change lives with me.

Bodiham.

There is a sonnet by Edward, Lord Thurlow,

on beholding Bodiham Castle, on the bank of the Rother, in Sussex.

O thou brave ruin of passèd time,
When glorious spirits shone in burning arms,
And the brave trumpet, with its sweet alarms
Called honor at the matin hour sublime,

And the grey evening; thou hast had thy prime,
And thy full vigor, and the sating harms
Of age have robbed thee of thy warlike charms,
And placed thee here, an image in my rhyme;

The owl now haunts thee, and, oblivious plant,
The creeping ivy, has o'er-veiled thy towers;
And Rother, looking up with eye askant,
Recalling to his mind thy brighter hours,
Laments the time, when fair and elegant,
Beauty first laughed from out thy joyous bowers!

Brighton.

Although none of Cardinal Newman's verses deal with Sussex places, it may be noted that some of the earlier ones were written at Brighton, including the charming album verses and the powerful Paraphrase of Isaiah lxiv. Several of Charlotte Smith's verses also refer to this place before it had attained to its present fame as one of the greatest watering-places of the world. One refers to the funeral of a nameless pauper, buried at the expense of the parish, in the church-yard at Brighthelmstone, in November, 1792; another of

the same date pictures a female exile, looking with anxious fears towards the father-land she has left. Charlotte Smith also wrote some lines "for the benefit of a distressed player, detained at Brighthelmstone for debt, November, 1792."

Ditchling.

Gideon Algernon Mantell, although chiefly remembered as a geologist, was also an accomplished litterateur. His stanzas on the cemetery at Ditchling were suggested by the circumstance that the graves in the Dissenters' burial-ground had no monumental stones, but were covered with evergreens and flowering shrubs.

What though no marbles mark this hallowed spot,
Where youth and age and worth and beauty sleep,
Nor epitaphs declare the mortal lot
Of those who here eternal silence keep,
Yet o'er these mossy beds the willows weep,
And yew and cypress shed a solemn gloom,
And morning's mists with dew their tresses steep
Diffusing freshness o'er the verdant tomb.

Mute but expressive emblems! well ye teach
The fate of those whose relics here repose;
More forcibly than moralist can preach,
Their present, past, and future state disclose.
For who that views yon fragrant blushing rose,
Shedding its sweetness through the balmy air,
Nor deems that loveliness from all its woes
And all its wrongs hath found a shelter there!

Yes, that fair flower blooms o'er a brother's boast,
A mother's joy, a doating father's pride;
Brief is the tale: her fondest hopes were crossed,—
She loved,—was slighted,—murmured not—but died!
And sweetly by that flower is typified
Her loveliness and spotless purity;
And the green myrtle, waving by its side,
Her certain hope of immortality!

The sable yew-tree throws its solemn shade
O'er yon green mound in dreary loneliness,
And tells that he who there in death is laid,
While living was the victim of distress;
His youth was folly, and his age no less;—
But let that pass: his was the lot of all
Who seek in vanity for happiness,
And when too late their hours would fain recall.

Beneath those cedars rest a gentle pair,
Of lowly station and of humble name;
Their peaceful course was free from pain and care;—
In life they were but one, in death the same;
And well their virtues may the tribute claim
With which affection had adorned the spot.
Ah! who would covet wealth, or power, or fame,
If happiness like theirs could be his lot?

Where yonder bay erects his graceful form,
There sleeps the hapless gifted child of song:
No more exposed to envy's bitter storm,
No longer keenly feeling every wrong,
And there is one who loves to linger long
Where the green turf his hallowed dust enshrines;
And, hiding from the giddy, senseless throngs,
Her hopeless misery, o'er his fate repines!

Yon holly marks the village lawyer's grave,
Those oaks the patriot's ashes canopy,
The laurels o'er the sleeping warrior wave,
And yon spring flowers shelter infancy.
Lady! when in the dust this form shall lie,
If then thy breast my memory would recall,
Let the dark cypress tell my destiny,
And the green ivy form my funeral poll.

Fairlight Glen.

The lovely glens of Ecclesbourne and Fairlight are famous for their picturesque beauty. The following descriptive verses are from Mr. William Wilson's "Gathered Together" (London 1860, p. 217.

Sweet Fairlight Glen.

1.

There are spots when once seen that can ne'er be forgot;
Like mem'ries of childhood they haunt us for ever;
Like the dear, gentle face of a mother that's lost,
Through life we can never forget them—oh, never!
And such, in thy mantle of beautiful green,
Far, far from the busy assemblies of men;
Where the murm'ring ocean plays into thy lap,
Art thou in thy solitude—sweet Fairlight Glen!

2.

In dreams of my fancy—awake, or asleep,
I behold thee—I picture thee still to my mind;
With thy soft mossy banks, and thy calm solemn shade,
In summer-time sultry so welcome to find.

And oh! the wild flowers that around us are strown,
In fragrance to gladden each step—when, oh when
Again shall I really muse o'er thee, alone,
So grand in thy solitude—sweet Fairlight Glen!

3

Leafy pride of the coast, where the southern winds breathe,
Often joining their sigh to thy soul-moving song;
Which from rustling of trees, and from birds in the bush;
Which from ocean and sheep-bell floats mingl'd along.
When clear the moon rideth high, high in deep heaven,
Like a fairy abode thou doth seem to me then;
When her beams flit about like the shadows of fays,
Thou art grand in thy solitude—sweet Fairlight Glen!

4

'Midst deep shade, in his might, like a giant 'mongst dwarfs,
Stands a tree tow'ring high all his neighbours above;
Who spreads his green branches wide over a well,
That from ledge to ledge drips until lost in the grove.
Oh, that never old ocean may dare to encroach
Should pray every lover of nature 'mongst men;
For when thou hast donn'd thy soft mantle of green,
Thou art grand in thy solitude—sweet Farlight Glen!

5.

Hid in thy white bosom, up up out of sight
(Like a mother that shelters her babe at her breast),
A lover's retreat doth invite to repose,
Surrounded by green nooks where birds love to nest.
With many a name the old seat is carv'd over,
And to many a name there's some legend I ken;
There are spots when once seen that can ne'er be forgot
Such art thou, in thy solitude—sweet Fairlight Glen!

6.

If e'er in life's wanderings I reach thee once more,
It will be like re-meeting some long-cherished friend,
Who with radiant smiles, and with frank tender looks,
A kind heart-tonèd voice can most charmingly blend;
Amidst bare woodless cliffs is thy shelter and rest;
Thou dost soothe to reflection the best amongst men,
Like a flower in a desert, a friend in the world,
Art thou, in thy solitude—sweet Fairlight Glen!

Gardner Street.

In the little village of Gardner Street, near Herstmonceux, there is a house across which a creeper has been trained to form the inscription, "Praise the Lord," in words which almost cover the upper portion of the front of the building.

Down in Sussex, green and sweet,
In village quaint of Gardner Street,
Stands a dwelling, clean and neat.
"Praise the Lord."

Such the legend read of all,
Tendrils trained against the wall,
Say, in letters large and tall,
"Praise the Lord."

One who dwelt there in the past,
Made the creepers safe and fast,
Made them say in words that last,
"Praise the Lord."

Sure he had a poet's brain,
Silent branches thus to train,

VILLAGE OF GARDNER STREET: —"PRAISE THE LORD."

Till they sang a glad refrain,
"Praise the Lord."

Breeze of Spring and April shower,
Summer's bloom and Autumn's dower,
Winter's snow and storms that lour,
"Praise the Lord."

Childhood bright with toy and game,
Manhood with its lofty aim,
Age with bent and tottering frame,
"Praise the Lord."

Gladness bids our hearts to praise,
Sorrow, too, the song will raise,
Death itself for ever says,
"Praise the Lord."

Hastings.

Several poems relating to the great struggle between the Saxon and the Normans have already been named under Battle. Thomas Campbell has written "Lines on the Camp Hill, near Hastings."

In the deep blue of eve,
Ere the twinkling of stars had begun,
Or the lark took his leave
Of the skies and the sweet setting sun,

I clambered to yon heights,
Where the Norman encamped him of old,
With his bowmen and knights,
And his banner all burnished with gold.

At the Conqueror's side,
There his minstrelsy sat harp in hand,
In pavilion wide;
And they chanted the deeds of Roland.

Still the ramparted ground
With a vision my fancy inspires,
And I hear the trump sound,
As it marshalled our chivalry's sires.

On each turf of that mead,
Stood the captors of England's domains,
That ennobled her breed
And high-mettled the blood of her veins.

Over hauberk and helm,
As the sun's setting splendor was thrown,
Thence they looked over a realm,—
And to-morrow beheld it their own.

In a volume of verse entitled "The Ancoat's Skylark," by the writer of the present volume, will be found a sonnet on "A high tide at Hastings."

A thousand wavelets and a thousand waves,
That leap and strive with never-ceasing roar
And sing incessant o'er the pebbly shore
A song of wrecks and myriad ocean graves.

The sea leaps forward like a soul that craves
The full fruition that comes nevermore.
The moon—as in the primal days of yore—
Rains liquid music on the sombre waves.

The rushing waters headlong onward dash
Against the strong sea-wall, in endless fret,
And hurled aloft in many a futile jet,
Fall back repulsed from their endeavour rash.

So beats the tide of life on Fate's sea-wall,—
With Heaven's bright lamp of pity over all.

The same volume contains "A legend of Hastings." The life of Rahere, the founder of St. Bartholomew's Church and Hospital (written *circa* 1174-1189) includes a story of a "worshipful matrone" of Hastings, Cecilia—"Ceale" she is called in the English version—the wife of a wealthy shipmaster named Helyas, who, having brought his cargo safe to London, was praying at the newly-opened church in Smithfield at the very time that his house at Hastings was in danger of being swept away in a fierce conflagration. Cecilia, bereft of man's "counsell and helpe," commends herself to St. Bartholomew, and throws a thread round her house. The fire leaps over it, burns the houses on the other side, but spares this one, only "touchying the pynnacles, leavyng them half brent."

Cecilia, standing at her open door,
Sees Hastings town wrapped in devouring flames
That leap exultant round the crackling frames,
And unappeased seek still one victim more.

She thinks of Helyas wandering up and down
At sea, and by the stormy tempest tossed,
On ocean struggling or in ocean lost?
Or safe perchance in famous London town.

What shall she do to save her husband's home?
The scene of homely smiles and homely tears;
His home and hers, which now, alas, she fears
The rushing blaze will whelm in fiery foam.

Alone she stands—no hand is there to aid;
Yet, though the earth be fire, the heavens are blue;
Though men are false and fail, the saints are true
And love to help when earnest prayer is made.

She prays unto Bartholomew the Saint,
And girds the house with but a slender thread
Her hands a-tremble and her soul in dread;
Then to her chamber, with her heart all faint.

Again she calls unto the Saint for aid—
The fire scarce touched the faith-protected cot,
Though on it breathed the flames all red and hot,
And e'en Cecilia's faithful heart dismayed,

(That selfsame hour the sailor husband brave
Knelt at the shrine of St. Bartholomew,
With waxen taper, sign of worship true,
And gratitude for safety from the wave.)

Houses on either side in ruins lay—
Cecilia's house untouched, save that the fire
Had reached the pinnacles, and in its ire
Balked of a victim burned them half away.

Amazed men saw the house unburnèd stand,
Guarded and saved but by Faith's slender thread;
Great was the marvel that the wonder bred
When Helyas came back to his native strand.

The age of miracles has long gone by;
We smile at marvels told in monkish books,
Yet drag them forth from out their dusty nooks,
For Love, and Faith, and Duty never die.

No miracle is this for those whose creed
Holds that the saints who dwell in heaven above
Look down on human trial, woe, and love;
And help us in the darkest hour of need.

Even those who doubt may love the legend quaint
Of good Cecilia, now eight centuries dead,
Who bound the flames with Faith's own slender thread
And prayed to great Bartholomew the Saint.

Herstmonceux.

To Herstmonceux, or to Hellingley, with perhaps equal appropriateness may be referred Mr. M. A. Lower's "Lord Dacre, his mournful end."

Hollington.

The picturesque beauty of "The little Church in the Wood" has suggested the following:—

I see a little church with low-set spire,
Encircled by a grove of ancient trees—
With branches rythmic to the passing breeze;
And now I hear from out the village choir,

The song of praise that to the heavens aspire,
And mingled with these formal litanies
The far-off murmur of the distant seas
And the sweet scent of wild rose and of briar.

I pause entranced this scene of peace to mark,
When 'mid the blue I see a rising lark;
He sings and soars and rises high and higher,
A speck upon the sun 'tween day and dark,

From lowly nest down in the grass and mire,
He seeks the sun and basks him at its fire.

Middleton.

"Middleton," says Charlotte Smith, "is a village on the margin of the sea, in Sussex, containing only two or three houses. There were formerly several acres of ground between its small church and the sea, which now, by its continual encroachment, approaches within a few feet of this half-ruined and humble edifice. The wall, which once surrounded the church-yard, is entirely swept away, many of the graves broken up, and the remains of bodies interred washed into the sea; whence human bodies are found among the sand and shingles on the shore." This lonely church suggested to the Sussex poetess the following sonnet:—

Press'd by the moon, mute arbitress of tides,
While the loud equinox its power combines,
The sea no more its swelling surge confines,
But o'er the shrinking land sublimely rides.

The wild blast, rising from the western cave,
Drives the huge billows from their heaving bed;
Tears from their grassy tombs the village dead,
And breaks the silent sabbath of the grave!

With shells and sea-weed mingled, on the shore,
Lo! their bones whiten in the frequent wave;
But vain to them the winds and water rave;
They hear the warring elements no more:

While I am doom'd by life's long storm opprest,
To gaze with envy on their gloomy rest.

An elegy by the same writer also refers to this ruined graveyard, which the sea has since washed away.

Pevensey.

The ruins of the great castle of Pevensey has inspired a sonnet by William Lisle Bowles.

Fallen pile! I ask not what has been thy fate,
But when the weak winds, wafted from the main,
Through each lone arch, like spirits that complain,
Come hollow to my ear, I meditate

On this world's passing pageant, and the lot
Of those who once might proudly, in their prime,
Have stood with giant port, till, bowed by time
Or injury, their ancient boast forgot.

They might have sunk like thee; though thus forlorn
They lift their heads with venerable hairs,
Bespent, majestic yet, and as in scorn
Of mortal vanities and short-lived cares;

Even so dost thou, lifting thy forehead grey,
Smile at the tempest, and Time's sweeping sway.

Mr. M. A. Lower has, in his "Little Geste of a of a great Eele," versified one of the stories of Andrew Borde as to the efforts of some Pevensey men to drown an eel.

Rye.

Lord Thurlow's sonnet on the approach to Rye

and Winchelsea from the sea has already been quoted. The Ypres Tower at Rye has suggested the following :—

Where are the men who built the Ypres tower?
Salt of the sea, who held the French at bay;
Who had rough lives, sharp swords, and spirits gay,
Though storm might rage or threatening tempest lower.

No place was this for a faint-hearted bower—
No place for dalliance or for summer play;
Its skies of blue, or dark rain-laden gray,
Saw nations struggle for the ocean dower.

The fair bride held her life in daily dread
Of cruel sea, and still more cruel foe;
The angry wave and shining cutlass blow
Were in the dream around her cottage low.

The glory and the danger both have fled,
But still the Ypres rears its stalwart head.

Saint Leonards-on-Sea.

Thomas Campbell visited St. Leonards in its early days, and his meditations are recorded in the verses "On the view from St. Leonards, Hastings," which first appeared in 1831.

Hail to thy face and odours, glorious Sea!
'Twere thanklessness in me to bless thee not,
Great beauteous Being! in whose breath and smile
My heart beats calmer, and my very mind
Inhales salubrious thoughts. How welcomer
Thy murmurs than the murmurs of the world!
Though like the world thou fluctuatest, thy din

To me is peace, thy restlessness repose.
Ev'n gladly I exchange yon spring-green lanes,
With all the darling field-flowers in their prime,
And gardens haunted by the nightingale's
Long trills and gushing ecstasies of song,
For these wild headlands and the sea-mew's clang.

With thee beneath my windows, pleasant Sea!
I long not to o'erlook Earth's fairest glades
And green savannahs: Earth has not a plain
So boundless or so beautiful as thine.
The eagle's vision cannot take it in:
The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space,
Sinks half-way o'er it like a wearied bird.
It is the mirror of the stars, where all
Their hosts within the concave firmament,
Gay marching to the music of the spheres,
Can see themselves at once.

Nor on the stage
Of rural landscape are there lights and shades
Of more harmonious dance and play than thine.
How vividly this moment brightens forth,
Between grey parallel and leaden breaths,
A belt of hues that stripes thee many a league,
Flush'd like the rainbow, or the ring-dove's neck,
And giving to the glancing sea-bird's wing
The semblance of a meteor!

Mighty Sea!
Camelon-like thou changest, but there's love
In all thy change, and constant sympathy
With yonder Sky—thy Mistress; from her brow
Thou takest thy moods, and wear'st her colours on
Thy faithful bosom; morning's milky white,

Noon's sapphire, or the saffron glow of eve,
And all thy balmier hours, fair Element!
Have such divine complexion—crisped smiles,
Luxuriant heavings, and sweet whisperings,—
That little is the wonder, Love's own Queen
From thee of old was fabled to have sprung—
Creation's common! which no human power
Can parcel or enclose; the lordliest floods
And cataracts, that the tiny hands of man
Can tame, conduct, or bound, are drops of dew
To thee, that couldst subdue the Earth itself,
And brook'st commandment from the heavens alone
For marshalling thy waves.

Yet, potent Sea!
How placidly thy moist lips speak ev'n now
Along yon sparkling shingles! Who can be
So fanciless, as to feel no gratitude
That power and grandeur can be so serene,
Soothing the home-bound navy's peaceful way,
And rocking e'en the fisher's little bark
As gently as a mother rocks her child?

The inhabitants of other worlds behold
Our orb more lucid for thy spacious share
On earth's rotundity; and is he not
A blind worm in the dust, great Deep!—the man
Who sees not, or who seeing, has no joy
In thy magnificence? What though thou art
Unconscious and material, thou canst reach
The inmost immaterial mind's recess,
And with thy tints and motion stir its chords
To music, like the light on Memnon's lyre!

The Spirit of the Universe in thee

Is visible ; thou hast in thee the life—
The eternal, graceful, and majestic life—
Of Nature, and the natural human heart
Is therefore bound to thee with holy love.

Earth has her gorgeous towns ; the earth-circling Sea
Has spires and mansion more amusive still—
Men's volant homes, that measure liquid space
On wheel or wing. The chariot of the land,
With pain'd and panting steeds and clouds of dust,
Has no sight-gladdening motion like these fair,
Careerers with the foam beneath their bows,
Whose streaming ensigns charm the waves by day,
Whose carols and whose watch-bells cheer the night,
Moor'd as they cast the shadows of their masts
In long array, or hither flit and yond
Like spirits on the darkness of the deep.

Mysteriously with slow and crossing lights,
There is a magnet-like attraction in
These waters to the imaginative power,
That links the viewless with the visible,
And pictures things unseen. To realms beyond
Yon highway of the world my fancy flies,
When by her tall and triple mast we know
Some noble voyager that has to woo
The trade-winds, and to stem the ecliptic surge.
The coral groves—the shores of conch and pearl,
Where she will cast her anchor, and reflect
Her cabin-window lights on warmer waves,
And under planets brighter than our own :
The nights of palmy isles, that she will see
Lit boundless by the fire-fly—all the smells
Of tropic fruits that will regale her—all
The pomp of nature, and the inspiriting

Varieties of life she has to greet,—
Come swarming o'er the meditative mind.

True, to the dream of Fancy, Ocean has
His darker hints; but where's the element
That chequers not its usefulness to man
With casual terror? Scathes not Earth sometimes
Her children with Tartarean fires, or shakes
Their shrieking cities, and, with one last clang
Of bells for their own ruin, strews them flat
As riddled ashes—silent as the grave?
Walks not Contagion on the air itself?
I should—old Ocean's Saturnalian days,
And roaring nights of revelry and sport
With wreck and human woe—be loth to sing;
For they are few, and all their ills weigh light
Against his sacred usefulness, that bids
Our pensile globe revolve in purer air.
Here Morn and Eve with blushing thanks receive
Their freshening dews; gay fluttering breezes cool
Their wings to fan the brow of fever'd climes;
And here the Spring dips down her emerald urn
For showers to glad the earth.

Old Ocean was,
Infinity of ages ere we breathed
Existence; and he will be beautiful,
When all the living world that sees him now,
Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun.
Quelling from age to age the vital throb
In human hearts, Death shall not subjugate
The pulse that swells in *his* stupendous breast,
Or interdict his minstrelsy to sound
In thundering concert with the quirling winds
But long as man to parent Nature owns

Instinctive homage, and in times beyond
The power of thought to reach, bard after bard
Shall sing thy glory, BEATIFIC SEA!

SOUTH DOWNS.

The breezy South Downs, which form so remarkable a feature in the Sussex landscape, have not passed unsung. Of several sonnets referring to their beauty, by Charlotte Smith, we take this:—

Ah, hills beloved! where once a happy child,
Your beechen shades, "your turf, your flowers, among,"
I wove your bluebells into garlands wild,
And woke your echoes with my artless song.
Ah! hills beloved! your turf, your flowers, remain;
But can they peace to this sad breast restore,
For one poor moment sooth the sense of pain,
And teach a broken heart to throb no more?

And you, Aruna! in the vale below,
As to the sea your limpid waves you bear,
Can you one kind Lethean cup bestow.
To drink a long oblivion to my care?

Ah no!—when all, e'en hope's last ray is gone,
There's no oblivion but in death alone!

A later poet, Mr. Joseph Ellis, has also felt their exhilaration (Cæsar in Egypt and other poems, 1885, p. 172).

A song to thee, O Nature! whilst the hills
Render my senses fullest sympathy;

Above the world of men, dissolved in thee,
A joy thy joy serene my bosom fills,

And claim I son-ship, mindless of 'the ills
The flesh is heir to,' nought is now to me
Than the primeval sward, and sky and sea,
Boundless—as thy companionship instils;

O Mother Nature! melt my heart in thine,
O Mother Nature! I in thee am lost,
O Mother Nature! own me as thy child;
Why know I this sublimity divine,
If not from thee? me take at any cost!
I had not loved so if thou hadst not smiled.

Worthing.

Here, it would seem, poor Robert Bloomfield, the author of the "Farmer's Bay," had his first view of the sea. There is a pleasant natural enthusiasm about these verses.

Are these the famed, the brave South Downs,
That like a chain of pearls appear;
Their pale green sides and graceful crowns
To freedom, thought, and peace, how dear!
To freedom, for no fence is seen;
To thought, for silence smooths the way;
To peace, for o'er the boundless green
Unnumbered flocks and shepherds stray.

Now, now we've gained the utmost height:
Where shall we match the vale below?
The Weald of Sussex, glorious sight,
Old Chankbury, from the tufted brow.

And here old Sissa, so they tell,
The Saxon monarch closed his day;
I judge they played their parts right well
But cannot stop to sing their praise.

For yonder, near the ocean's brim,
I see, I taste, the coming joy;
There Mary binds the withered limb,—
The mother tends the poor lame boy.
My heart is there—Sleep, Romans, sleep;
And what are Saxon kings to me?
Let me, O thou majestic Deep,
Let me descend to love, and thee.

And may thy calm, fair-flowing tide
Bring Peace and Hope, and bid them live
And Night, whilst wandering by thy side,
Teach wisdom,—teach me to forgive.
Then, when my heart is whole again,
And Fancy's renovated wing
Sweeps o'er the terrors of thy reign,
Strong on my soul those terrors bring.

Oaks, British oaks, form all its shade,
Dark as a forest's ample crown;
Yet by rich herds how cheerful made,
And countless spots of harvest brown!
But what's yon southward dark blue line,
Along the horizon's utmost bound,
Oh which the weary clouds recline,
Still varying half the circle round?

The sea! the sea! my God! the sea!
Yon sunbeams on its bosom play!
With milk white sails expanded free
There ploughs the bark her cheerful way!

I come, I come, my heart beat high;
The greensward stretches southward still,
Soft in the breeze the heath bells sigh;
Up, up, we scale another hill!

A spot where once the eagle towered
O'er Albion's green primeval charms,
And where the harmless wild-thyme flowered,
Did Rome's proud legions pile their arms.
In infant's haunts I've dreamed of thee,
And where the crystal brook ran by,
Marked sands and waves and open sea,
And gazed, but with an infant's eye.

'Twas joy to pass the stormy hour,
In groves, when childhood knew no more;
Increase that joy, tremendous power,
Loud let thy world of waters roar.
And if the scene reflection drowns,
Or draws too strongly raptured tear,
I'll change it for these lovely Downs,
This calm smooth turf, and worship here.

It will be seen that Sussex has not been unsung, but it is noteworthy that most of these poems of places have been written by those "not to the manor born."

"Spirits" at Brightling in 1659.

IN the year 1659 there occured one of those incidents which are sufficiently common in the annals of what is vaguely known as "spiritualism." In the age when it occurred the Brightling disturbance was regarded as "a stupendous and amazing piece of Providence." The narrative of the affair was written by the minister of Brightling, and is given in Clark's "Mirror of Saints, etc." According to this narrative the disturbances began in the evening of November 7th, 1659, when a man found that a fire had kindled in his milkhouse; on the 9th dust was thrown upon the man and his wife as they lay in bed. Next morning various things were thrown about, and the fire was again kindled in the same place in the milkhouse, but was put out by the woman. Then it blazed out in the eaves of the house, but was extinguished by a neighbour. A pot standing on the table was broken with a piece of brick. As they were going to fill a tub with water, to set by them all

night, the fire was kindled again in the milkhouse, and suddenly the whole house was on fire, but most of the goods were saved. The fire was very white, and did not singe their hands when they were pulling things out of it. The household stuff was carried next day to a neighbour's house, and put in one end, whilst the family were at the other end. Dust was thrown upon the man and his wife in bed. At last, unable to endure more, the man arose, and with another accompanying him, took a candle and lanthorn in his hand, and went to Mr. Bennet, the minister of Brightling, and entreated him to go back with them. Accordingly Mr. Bennet and his brother went to the house and prayed with the people. At first dust was thrown at them, but all was quiet during prayer. Afterwards as the minister was reading Psalm 91, and the man was standing by him holding the candle, the light was beaten out. Presently a knife was thrown at the minister, which fell behind him. Then a chopping knife was thrown. Hereupon the man said, "These things are thrown at others for my sake." At length he fell down upon his knees, and confessed that he had been a hypocrite and a pilfering fellow, and that he had robbed his master, etc.,

etc. He further declared that he was willing to separate the things which he had taken wrongfully, from his own goods. This he accordingly did, laying forth several things which he said were none of his, and naming the persons from whom he had wrongfully taken them. As a great chest was carried out "trenchers, platters, and other things were thrown about in so dreadful a manner, that one not much noted for religion, said, 'Pray you, let us go to prayer,' and indeed that was their only refuge, praying, preaching, and singing Psalms." A dish was thrown several times, and once gave Mr. Bennet a smart blow on the cheek. Then the man's boots, a chopping knife, crabs out of a tub standing in the midst of the room, a fire brand, a hammer, and a Bible, were flying about once or more, "yet at prayer all was quiet." In the morning, Mr. Bennet and his brother left, but before they got home they heard that the house was on fire. Mr. Bennet was thereupon sent for again.

When the house took fire although they carried away their goods, pulled off the thatch, and quenched the fire; yet it kindled again and again, until the house was burnt down to the ground. When the goods were removed into the

field all was quiet in the second house; but some things were thrown in the field, and some noise was heard among the household stuff. "Thus," we are told, "these poor creatures were distressed, their house burnt down, that to which they removed several times fired; and they with their goods forced to lie in the open fields for several days and nights together: being made a sad spectacle to all sorts of people, that came far and near to see and hear of the business. Afterwards a Fast day was kept by four of the neighbouring ministers, and sermons were preached on these texts, Job 17, 13; Amos 3, 6; Luke 13, 2, 3; Isa. 33, 14, 15, 16. "The congregation was great, and the distressed persons diligently attentive; after which, they were not at all troubled any more in that manner."

We have given the narrative substantially in the words of the worthy minister by whom it was com municated to that well known divine, Mr. Samuel Clark. The real truth is now difficult to determine, but after due allowance has been made for the uncritical temper of the historian, and for unintentional exaggeration, there is not much more left than might be accomplished by some mischievous humourist unaided by the supernatural powers.

The Monstrous Child of Chichester.

STRANGE births, and monsters of various kinds were favourite topics with the ballad writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Sometimes, it may be feared, they trusted to magination for their facts, but in the following case the good faith of the rhymer is vindicated by an entry in Machyn's "Diary," who testifies that the child was brought to court, 4th of June, 1562. The picture of the child is $6\frac{5}{8}$ inches in height. The ballad formed part of the possessions of George Daniel, and is here reprinted from "A Collection of seventy nine Black Letter Ballads of Broadsides," edited and published by Mr. Joseph Lilly.

A discription of a monstrous Chylde, borne at Chychester in Sussex, the xxiiii day of May. This being the very length, and bygnes of the same. MCCCCCLXII.

When God for synne to plage hath ment,
Although he longe defarde,
He tokens truly strange hath sent
To make hys foes afearde;

That they thereby might take remorce,
Of their yll lyfe mispent,
And, more of loue then feare or force,
Their formall faultes repent.

Before the earth was overflowen
With waters huge throughout,
He sent them Noe, that holy one,
Who dayly went about.

To call them then to godly lyfe,
At home they laughte and fumde;
He was contemde of man and wyfe,
Tyll they were all consumde.

Loth did preache most earnestly,
But it did not preuayle;
When fire and brymstone verely
Upon them doune did hayle.

Pharaoes heart had no remorce,
Though wonders straunge he sawe,
But rather was therfore the worce,
Without all feare or awe;

Untyll bothe he and his therfore,
By iustice sent of God,
In raging seas were all forlore,
And then he felt the rod.

Ten tymes truely were the Jewes
In captiue brought and led;
Before eche tyme, our God did vse
Hys tokens strange, we red.

The year before Vaspatian came,
The Jewes a heyfer drest,—
Which beynge slayne, did calue a lame,—
This sygne they sone did wrest,

As others doe, and styll have done,
In making it as vayne;
Or els good lucke, they saye, shal come,
As please their foolish brayne.

The heathen could forese and saye
That when such wounders were,
It did foreshew to them alwaye
That some yll hap drew nere.

The Scripture sayth, before the ende
Of all thinges shall appeare,
God will wounders straunge thinges sende,
As some is sene this yeare.

The selye infantes, royde of shape,
The calues and pygges so straunge,
With other mo of suche mishape,
Declareth this worldes chaunge.

But here, lo! see above the rest,
A monster to beholde,
Procedinge from a Christian brest,
Too monstrous to be tolde!

No carver can, nor paynter maye,
The same so ougly make,
As doeth itself shewe at this daye,
A sight to make the quake!

But here thou haste, by printing arte,
A signe therof to se;
Let eche man saye within his harte,
It preacheth now to me,

That I should seke to lyve hencefoorth
In godly lyfe alwaye,
For these be tokens now sent foorth
To preache the later daye.

Also it doeth demonstrate plague
The great abuse and vyce,
That here in England now doesth raygne,
That monstrous is the guyse.

By readinge stories we shall fynde,
In Scripture and elles-where,
That when such things came up out of kynde
Gods wrath it did declare.

But if we lightely weye the same,
And make but myne dayes wonder
The Lord our strutness soon will tame
And sharpely bringe vs vnder.

Then ponder wel, be tymes long past,
The sequel of suche signes,
And call to God by prayer in hast
From sinne to chaunge our myndes.

Repent amende, both hygh and lowe,
The woorde of God embrace—
To lyve therto as we should doe
God give vs all the grace!

Quod Jhon D.

The father hereof is one Vyncent, a boutcher; bothe he and hys wyfe being of honest and quiet conversation, they having had chyldren before in natural proportion, and went with this her full tyme.

Imprynted at London by Leonard Askel, for Frances Godlyf, in the yeare of oure Lorde, 1562.

The "poet" remains unidentified, which is perhaps as well for his reputation.

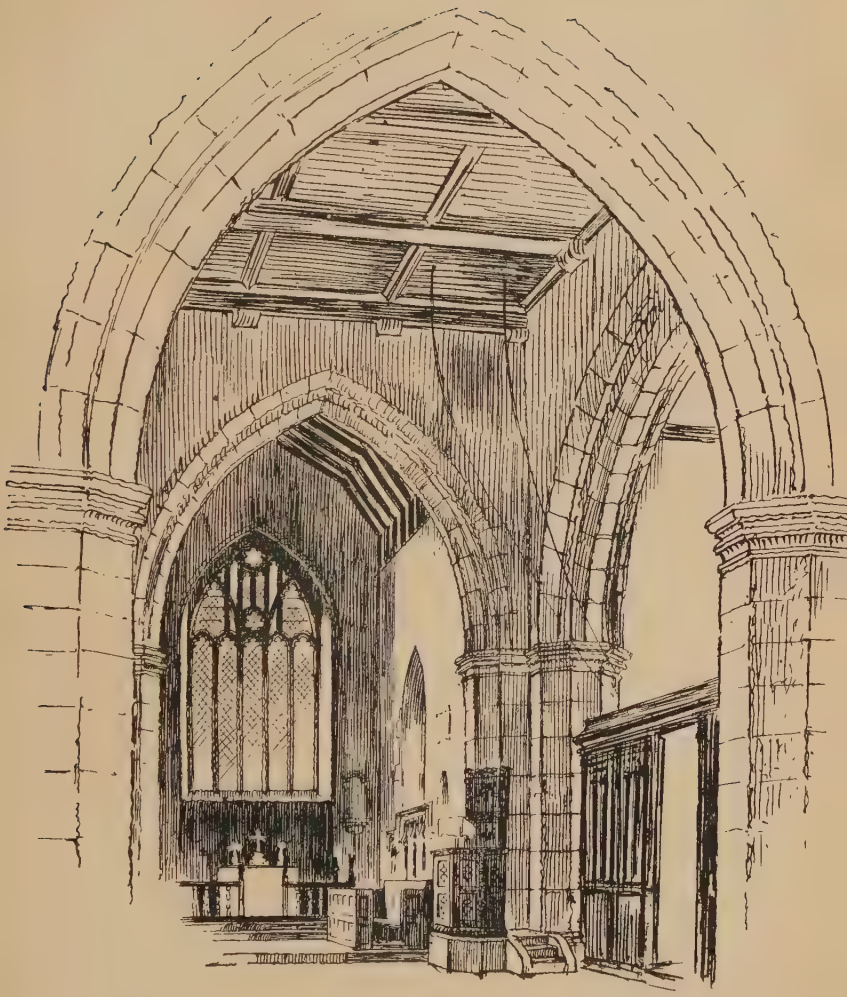
POYNINGS CHURCH.

A Ruskin Pilgrimage.

A FAVOURITE excursion of those who run down to the seaside to consult "one of the best of physicians"—he whom Thackeray has well described as "kind, cheerful, merry Doctor Brighton"—is to the Devil's Dyke. To that picturesque spot with an evil name there come pilgrims by coach, by train, and on foot to gaze upon the wide expanding landscape of the Weald, to have their fortunes told by the gipsy "queens" who ply their trade in flagrant defiance of the statute book, or to disport themselves in the somewhat cockney paradise that has arisen on this lovely part of the South Downs. The Dyke itself is the work of Mother Nature in one of her sportive moods, when she seems to imitate or to anticipate the labours of man. Here she has carved out a deep trench that looks as though it were the work of the Anakim. It has its legendary interest also, for the Sussex peasantry hold, or held, that it came into existence by the exertions of the "Poor

Man," as the Father of Evil is here euphemistically called. Looking over the fertile Weald, his Satanic Majesty was grievously offended by the sight of the many churches dotted over the smiling plain, and he decided to cut a passage through the Downs so that the waters of the sea might rush through the opening and drown the whole of the valley. An old woman whose cottage was in the vicinity, hearing the noise made by the labouring devil in his work of excavation, came to her window, and holding her candle behind a sieve, looked out. The "Poor Man" caught sight of the glimmering light, and hastily concluded that the sun was rising. The mediæval devil could only do his malicious deeds in the dark, and so he slunk away, leaving the Dyke incomplete, as we now see it. Lest anyone should doubt this story, the marks of the "Poor Man's" footprints are still pointed out on the turf.

Here, too, are the evidences of an oval camp with massive rampart and broad fosse, occupied probably by the Romans, whose coins have been found, and by still earlier warlike inhabitants of the district. When the eye has satisfied itself with the fine prospect, landward and seaward, we may undertake a short pilgrimage to a little



POYNINGS CHURCH.
(Interior towards the East.)

known Ruskin shrine. Below us northward are the villages of Poynings, Fulking, and Edburton. The last is known to archæologists for its leaden font, which is said to date from the end of the twelfth century. Here Laud, the pious, ambitious, unscrupulous, and unfortunate prelate, is said to have officiated. To him is attributed the gift of the pulpit and altar rails in the church.

Descending the steep slope of the South Downs, and breathing the invigorating air which has won so many praises, we are soon in a rustic road that leads to the church of Poynings. The church is one of great interest and dignity. It is early Perpendicular, cruciform, and has a square central tower. The alms box is an ancient thurible of carved wood. "Puningas"—and Punnins is still a local pronunciation—was restored, with other lands, to the thane Wulfric by King Eadgar, who pardoned some of his vassal's slight offences in consideration of receiving 120 marcs of the most approved gold. When Domesday Book was compiled the manor was held by a feudatory of the powerful William de Warren. Inside the church are some monuments of those stalwart soldiers, the Poynings, and outside there are still traces of their ancient home from the

time of Stephen to that of Henry VII. Their name is enduringly written in our history in "Poyning's law." In 1294, Sir Michael, lord of this manor, was summoned to Parliament as the first Baron de Ponynges. His son Thomas was slain in the great sea-fight at Sluys. The son of this soldier was Sir Michael, the third baron, who was with Edward III. at Crecy, and at the surrender of Calais in 1347. When he returned to his castle, he was appointed one of the guardians of the Sussex coast, then in danger of a French invasion. When he died in 1368, he bequeathed "to him who may be my heir" a "ruby ring which is the charter of my heritage of Poynings." The barony passed by the distaff to the Earls and Dukes of Northumberland. Sir Edward Poynings, a grandson of the sixth baron, had his home at Ostenhanger in Kent. Whilst Lord Deputy of Ireland, he induced the Irish Parliament, in 1494-5, to pass a measure by which all the laws of England were made to be of force in Ireland, and no bill could be introduced into the Irish Parliament without the previous sanction of the Council of England. He died in 1521 the Governor of Dover Castle. "Who more resolved than Poynings?" asks Lloyd,

POYNINGS CHURGH.

"whose vigilancy made him master of the Cinque Ports, as his valour advanced him general of the low-county forces, whom he led on to several services with such success, and brought off, with the loss of not above an hundred men, with honour from the Lady Margaret, and applause from the whole country." Poynings passed by sale to the Brownes, and by failure of heirs reverted to the crown in 1797.

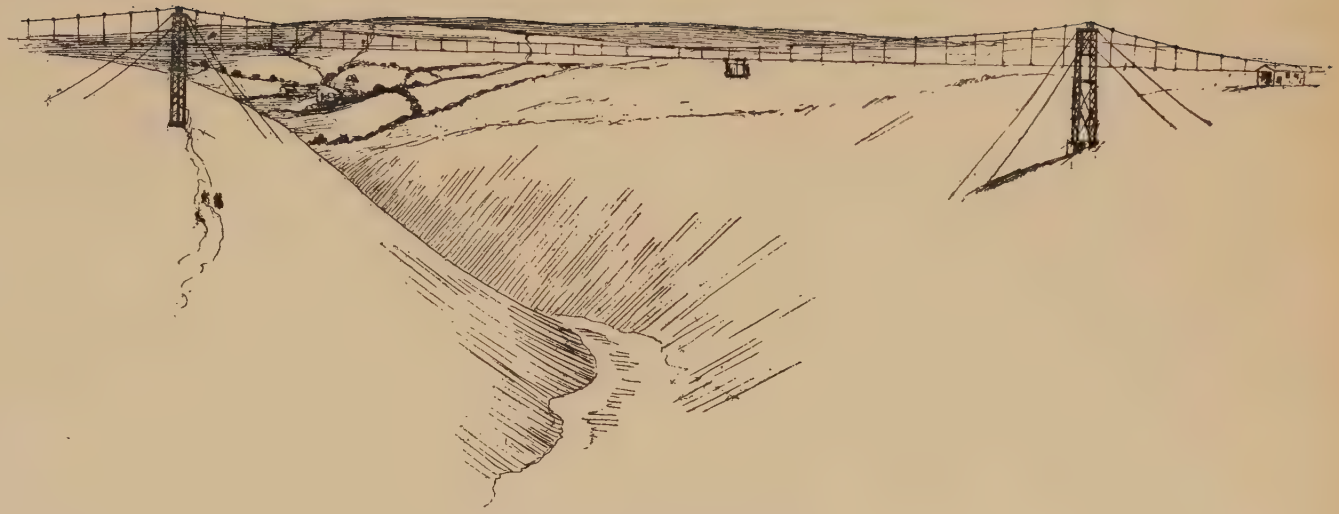
From Poynings there is a road leading to Fulking, and on the way many capital views of the round breasts of the South Downs can he had. Fulking is merely a hamlet of the parish of Edburton, and is a somewhat debateable land, for whilst it is situated in the Rape of Lewes, the parish to which it is a tything, is in the Rape of Bramber. It contains about 1,330 acres of arable, pasture, and down land. In Domesday Book it is mentioned under the name of Fochinges, and was then held of William de Warren by one Tezelin, of whom nothing more is known. It was situated in Sepelei (Edburton?), which William de Braose held. Before the Normans came, Harold held it in the time of King Edward. It was assessed, both in the Saxon and Roman times, at three hides and a rood.

It is a striking evidence of English persistence. This little hamlet has continued for more than eight centuries; how many more no one can say. It has not even been important enough to have its own separate church, but, nevertheless, it has persisted manfully in the struggle for existence. A winding street of mingled villas and cottages is the Fulking of to-day, nestling in trees, beneath the sheltering wings of the South Downs, and apparently as unconscious of the gaieties of Brighton as if it were a thousand miles away.

Fulking is the end of our Ruskin pilgrimage, for here on the right hand of the road is a fountain with a red marble tablet, on which is inscribed :—

"To the glory of God
and in honour of
John Ruskin.
Psalm lxxviii.
That they might set their hope
in God and not forget.
But keep his commandments
who brought streams also out of the Rock."

John Ruskin, who besides being a teacher of art and ethics, is also a geologist, was appealed to by some friends of Fulking who were anxious as to its water supply. There is an abundant



THE DEVIL'S DYKE, AND ÆRIAL RAILWAY.

gathering ground, but Nature appeared to be elusive, and the water courses ran other ways. Mr. Ruskin's aid was effectual, and the ancient hamlet has now its own abundant supply. Lower down the road, and past the hostelry of the "Shepherd Dog"—a true South Down sign—is the storage house of Fulking Waterworks. On the tablet of this we read :—

"He sendeth Springs
into the valleys
which run among the hills.
Oh that men would
Praise the Lord
for his goodness."

The exact source of the first inscription will be seen in Psalm, cxxviii., 7 and 16; and of the second in Psalm civ., 10, and cvii., 8, 15, 21, 31.

Those who honour Ruskin as a great teacher of truth and righteousness, will find something appropriate in this memorial of him in the solitary street of the little hamlet, whose feudal lord once upon a time was Harold, the last of the Saxon kings.

Rye in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.

THE records of the Corporation of Rye contain some interesting items as to the social and municipal life of that "ancient town" of the Cinque Ports. These records have not been printed in full, but a good calendar has been made for the historical MSS. Commission (XIIIth Report, Appendix, part IV).

In the sixteenth century it was a place of commercial importance, though it was then complaining of decay. The Huguenots had a church there, but the refugees were not always of a desirable kind, although the majority of them made excellent citizens of the land to which they had fled in search of liberty of conscience. In 1569, John Pilfort, a Frenchman, who had been forbidden the town, ventured to return, and was thereupon placed in the pillory, and had "one of his ears nailed thereto." What his offence was, is not stated, but in the same year, James Fryes, glazier of Harlingen, in West

Friesland, James Johnson *alias* Huson, mariner, of Flushing, and another named Cowper, were ordered to leave the town, with their wives and children, "for theyr misbelieves contrarie to chrestian relegian."

The jealousy of the native traders led in 1587, to an order that none of the French nation should be allowed to retail textiles, haberdashery, mercery ware, or grocery in the town.

Witchcraft was still implicity believed in, and "Mother Margery," a poor old woman in the almshouse, was driven out of the town. Some raw beef was found, and it was held that as it decayed those on whom she had cast a spell would also decay. This was in 1571, and it is noted that "since her banishment the town had not been troubled with her like." In 1594 a cunning man at Hastings advised a woman to "draw blood" off "Mother Rogers," who he said had bewitched her child. In 1608, Mrs. Anne Taylor, a gentlewoman of the place, was imprisoned on the charge of having "councell" with spirits, and apparently she only escaped with her life by virtue of a "general pardon," which stayed further proceedings. Again in 1610, Joan Bayley of Rye, who was more than four score years old, deposed

that believing a child to be bewitched she had undertaken to break the spell. She took a piece of red cloth and stuck into it sixty needles and a halfpennyworth of pins. Then she put it on the fire upon the "emeryes" and stuck a dagger in the midst. It was a long time before it was consumed, but she could not tell who had bewitched the child, as no one came in to be accused as she had expected. In 1645, the mayor and jurats ordered two old women accused of witchcraft "to be tried by putting them in the water."

In 1574, the Mayor and jurats endeavoured to put down what was evidently the old custom of young and old going forth with drums and flags to cut boughs in the neighbouring woods.

The iron industry flourished to an extent that alarmed the authorities of Hastings, Winchelsea, and Rye, who were afraid that the woods which supplied them with fuel would be exhausted by the demands of the iron works. Their remonstrances with Lord Buckhurst, and their endeavour to obtain protection from Parliament, make a curious chapter in the history of an industry that has long ceased to be a source either of profit or annoyance to the five ports.

The parliamentary franchise of Rye was not much of a reality. There was, indeed, no pretence of popular selection. The corporation who nominally made the choice, really accepted the nominee of the Lord Warden, or some other powerful person. In one case all they knew about the candidate was that he was a son of Sir Edward Courcey, and they actually elected his eldest son instead of the second son for whom the position was intended, and to whom it was given by an amended return.

There are sundry references to Mr. Richard Fletcher, the Vicar of Rye, and father of the dramatist. Having to reprove one of his parishioners who was in a tavern on Easter Monday, when he ought to have been at the preaching, the unrepentant sinner declared that he was as good, as honest, and as well born as the parson himself. Mr. Fletcher he declared, "did eat and drink him," to which the vicar made reply that he had never cost the man a cup of cold water. To this John Bennet, angrily but illogically replied, "Nor never shall, dwelt he never so long there." And, still in a rage, he declared "at the bench upon the market place that he was as good a man and as well born as

Mr. Fletcher, for his father was a butcher, and Mr. Fletcher's father a wever." Bennet's brother Robert was also a despiser of dignities, for "debating within the church said openly he would call that he would the churchwarden knave of yt."

The distinctions of rank were carried out beyond death in an order made in 1579 that no one under the degree of the Mayor, Jurats, and Common Council, or their wives "shall be chested or coffenid for their buriall." Many projects for the improvement of the decayed haven of Rye were under consideration from time to time.

The Puritans, who called the Archbishop of Canterbury "the Pope of Inglande," and the Roman Catholics who smuggled "Jesus psalters" were equally obnoxious to the authorities. In 1603, "John Arkinstal, of Ringy, in the parish of Bowden, in the county of Chester," a trumpeter, deposed that the schoolmaster of Rye, had, at an inn in Hastings, stated that the King of Scotland had been proclaimed King of England at London, and that afterwards Lord Beauchamp was proclaimed by the Earl of Southampton. The bellicose "dominie" further asserted that he had a great horse, and would

RYE CHURCH TOWER.

have a saddle and spend his blood in Lord Beauchamp's behalf. Nothing more appears in the record as to this very small attempt at treason. But in 1610 one Wale was whipped for "bad and lewde speeches," in which he declared that "there was never an Irishman but was as good as the King."

Sir Giles Mompesson, one of the obnoxious monopolists licensed by James I., is described, after his flight in 1620, as "a litle man of a black swart complection with a litle black beard, and of the age of about fortie years."

Besides the free-booters and sea-rovers who harrassed honest commerce on the English coast, there were the Mohammedan pirates. Thomas Greenaway, of Rye, it is reported, unable to endure the cruel treatment of his Turkish captors, "has turned to their religion."

In 1626 the Mayor and Jurats complain, and although a person receives a salary from the exchequer as "Gunner of Rye," he neither does service, nor even resides in the place. Thomas Harrison, the gunner in question, tartly replied, that his allowance was only for attendance upon a brass cannon, placed at Rye by Henry VIII., but afterwards removed to the Tower of London, and

that he is ready there to receive the commands of the Master Gunner of England.

Perhaps nothing in these records that deal with social topics marks a greater change than the papers as to an ecclesiastical quarrel in 1637. An aggrieved churchwarden complained to the Bishop of Chichester that in one part of the church of Rye, artillery was stored; that another part was used as a place for whipping offenders; and that the curate, whilst omitting to read part of the church service, sometimes preached for two hours. The authorities admit, practically, that the two first charges were true, but that brought against the curate they declared to be "altogether false; for mostlie he keepeth himself to his howre, and sometymes preacheth less than an howre." Those church-goers of the present day to whom a sermon of even half-an-hour is an infliction, may be thankful that their lot has not been cast in Rye, when Christopher Blackwood "mostly" kept to his hour in preaching.

The Merchant of Chichester.

THE legends relating to a choice between the halter and the altar, the "wife or the woodie," as the Northern phrase goes, are sufficiently varied. "Muckle-mou'd Meg" is not the only heroine of song who has taken her husband from the gallows. A Sussex man is the chief actor in a ballad as old as the seventeenth century, and perhaps even older. This is "A Most Sweet Song of an English Merchant, borne at Chichester," who, travelling abroad in the pursuit of trade, had the misfortune, although he "was both grave and wise," to kill a man in a quarrel at Emden. For this he was condemned to die, and came on to the scaffold, where he was to be decapitated, very handsomely dressed, and in a very penitent frame of mind. He orders "a hundred pounds a piece" to be given to the widow and her two children. But at Emden they have a law that a woman who will wed a condemned criminal may thus safe his life. Ten merciful maidens contend for the

privilege of rescuing the handsome Englishman from the headsman, but he declines their offer. Then another damsel steps forward, and protests that she acts from love and not from mercy, and as love begets love, he consents to live.

"'I goe my, my love,' shee said,
'I run, I fly for thee!
And gentle Headsman spare a while
My Lover's life for mee!'
Unto the Duke shee went,
Who did her griefe remove;
And with an hundred Maidens more,
Shee went to fetch her love.

With musicke sounding sweet,
The foremost of the traine,
This gallant Maiden like a Bride,
Did fetch him back againe:
Yea hand in hand they went
Unto the Church that day,
And they were married presently
In sumptuous rich array.

A sweet thing is love,
It rules both heart and mind;
There is no comfort in the world
To women that are kind."

The belief that a woman might beg a condemned man as a husband is widespread, and may not impossibly have had some foundation in fact in ages when death was the penalty of even

MARKET CROSS, CHICHESTER.

comparatively slight misdemeanours. There is an old instance cited in the "Reliquiæ Antiquæ" (I., 288).

> "'Of life and dath now chuse thé,
> There is the woman, here the galowe tree!'
> 'Of boothe choyce harde is the parte—
> The woman is the warse, driue forthe the carte.'"

But our merchant of Chichester was more fortunate. "Pity is akin to love," and the Englishman and his pretty Dutch wife appear to have "lived happy ever after." We may imagine them, prosperous and happy, passing beneath the Gothic arches of that most wonderful of all such structures, the Market Cross of Chichester.

Drayton's Song of Sussex.

THE Topographical Muse has had no more enthusiastic votary than Michael Drayton, who, in his "Poly-albion," had no precursor and has had no imitator. The task of putting in verse "a chorographical description of all the tracts, rivers, mountains, forests, and other parts of this renowned isle of Great Britain, with intermixture of the most remarkable stories, antiquities, wonders, rarities, pleasures, and commodities of the same," might easily have daunted a less strenuous and less patriotic bard than Drayton. The success of the book did not answer the magnitude of its scope, or even the excellence of its execution. The work was undertaken by 1598, and the first instalment appeared in 1612, and was dedicated to Henry, Prince of Wales, who encouraged the scheme. After his death, the grant of £10 yearly appears to have been continued by Charles. The public

were less generous than the princes, and the first part fell flat. The poet complains that "the Stationers" vexed because it did not sell so quickly "as some of their beastly and abominable trash" had left out the epistles to the readers from some of the copies sold. For those who despised their Fatherland, Drayton has a magnificent burst of scorn. The notes to the "Poly-albion" were written by John Selden, the most learned of all the South Saxons. This gives additional interest to the portion here reprinted, in which we have bygone Sussex of the sixteenth and earlier part of the seventeenth century pictured by the mighty pens of Drayton and of Selden.

"And soon the pliant Muse doth her brave wing advance,
Tow'rds those Sea-bord'ring shores of ours, that point at France;
The harder Surrian Heath, and the Sussexian Downe.
Which with so great increase though Nature do not crowne,
As many other Shires, of this inviron'd Ile:
Yet on the Weathers * head, when as the sunne doth smile,
Nurst by the Southern Winds, that soft and gently blowe,
Here doth the lusty sap as soon begin to flowe;
The Earth as soon puts on her gaudy Summer's sute;
The woods as soon in green, and orchards great with fruit
To Sea-ward, from the seat where first our song begun,
Exhalted to the South by the ascending sunne,

* The sun in Arics.

Fower stately wood Nymphs stand on the Sussexian ground,
Great Andredsweld's * sometime who, when she did abound,
In circuit and in growth, all others quite suppprest:
But in her wane of pride, as she in strength decreast,
Her Nymphs assum'd them names each one to her delight.
As, Water-downe, so call'd of her depressed site:
And Ash Downe, of those Trees that most in her do growe,
Set higher to the Downes, as th'other standeth lowe.
Saint Leonards, of the seat by which she next is plac't,
And Whord that with the like delighteth to be grac't.
These Forrests as I say, the daughters of the Weald
(That in their heavie breasts, had long their greefs conceal'd)
Foreseeing their decay each howre so fast came on,
Under the axes stroak, fetcht many a grievous grone,
When as the anviles weight, and hammers dreadfull sound,
Even rent the hollow Woods and shook the queachy ground.

* All that Maritime Tract comprehending Sussex, and part of Kent (so much as was not Mountains, now call'd the Downs, (a) which in British, old Gaulish, Low Dutch, and our English signifies but Hills), being all woody, was call'd Andredsweald. (b) i. Andredswood, often mentioned in our stories, and Newenden in Kent by it Andredcester (as most learned Camden upon good reason guesses), whence perhaps the Wood had his name. To this day we call those woody Lands, by North the Downes, the Weald: and, the Channell of the Riuer that comes out of those parts, and discontinues the Downs about Bramber, is yet known in Shorham Ferry, by the name of Weald-dich; and in another Saxon word equiualent to it, are many of the Parishes Terminations on this side the Downs, that is, Herst, or Hurst. i. A wood. It is call'd by Ethelwerd (c) expresly (d) Immanis sylua, que vulgos Andredsuuda nuncupatur, and was (e) CXX. miles long, and XXX. broad. The Authors conceit of these Forrests being Nymphs of this Great Andredsuuda, and their complaint for loss of Woods, in Sussex, so decai'd, is plain enough to euery Reader.

(a) Dunum vti ex Clitophonte apud Plut. habet Cād. and Duynen Belgis dicuntur. Tumuli Aenarij Oceano obiecti. Gorop. Gallic. I. Alij.
(b) We yet call a Desert, a wildernesse from this roote.
(c) Lib. 4, Cap. 3.
(d) Wood, call'd Andredswood.
(e) Henric. Huntingdon. hist. 5, in Alfredo.

So that the trembling Nymphs, opprest through gastly feare,
Ran madding to the Downes, with loose dishev'ld hayre.
The Syluans that about the neighbouring woods did dwell,
Both in the tufty Frith and in the mossy Fell,
Forsook their gloomy Bowres, and wandred farre abroad,
Expeld their quiet seats, and place of their abode,
When labouring carts they saw to hold their daily trade,
Where they in summer want to sport them in the shade.
Could we, say they, suppose that any would us cherish,
Which suffer (every day) the holiest things to perish?
Or to our daily want to minister supply?
These yron times breed none, that minde posteritie.
'Tis but in vaine to tell, what we before have been,
Or change of the world, that we in time have seen;
When, not devising how to spend our wealth with waste,
We to the savage swine let fall our larding mast.
But now, alas, our selves we have not to sustaine,
Nor can our tops suffice to shield our Roots from raine.
Ioves Oke, the warlike Ash, veyn'd Elme, the softer Beech,
Short Hazell, Maple-plaine, light Aspe, the bending Wych,
Tough Holly, and smooth Birch, must altogether burne:
What should the Builder serve, supplies the Forgers turn;
When under publike good, base private gaine takes holde,
And we poor woefull Woods, to ruine lastly solde.
This uttered they with griefe: and more they would have spoke
But that the envious Downes, int' open laughter broke;
As ioying in those wants, which Nature then hath given,
Sith to as great distresse the Forrests should be driven.
Like him that long time hath another state envy'd,
And fees a following Ebbe, unto his former Tide;
The more he is deprest, and bruiz'd with fortunes might,
The larger Reane his foe doth give to his despight:
So did the envious Downes; but that againe the Floods

(Their fountains that derive, from those unpittied Woods,
And so much grace thy Downes, as through their Dales they creep,
Their glories to convey unto the Celtick deep)
It very hardly tooke, much murmuring at their pride.
Cleere Lauant, that doth keep the Southamptonian side
(Dividing it well-neere from the Sussexian lands
That Selsey doth survay, and Solents troubled sands)
To Chichester their wrongs impatiently doth tell:
And Arun * (which doth name the beautious Arundell)
As on her course she came, it to her Forrest tolde.
Which, nettled with the newes, had not the power to hold:
But breaking into rage, wisht Tempests them might rive;
And on their barren scalps, still flint and chauke might thrive,
The brave and noble Woods which basely thus upbraid.
And Adur † comming on, to Shoreham softly said,

* So it is coniectured, and is without controuersie iustifiable if that be the name of the Riuer. Some, fable it from Arundel, the name of Beuis horse: It were so as tolerable as (a) Bucephalon, from Alexanders horse, (b) Tymenna in Lycia from a Goate of that name, and such like, if time would endure it: But Beuis was about the Conquest, and this Towne, is by name of Erundele, knowne in time of King Alfred (c) who gaue it with others to his Nephew Athelm. Of all men, (d) Goropius had somewhat a violent coniecture, when he deriued Harondell, from a people call'd Charudes (in Ptolemy, towards the utmost of the now Juitland) part of whome hee imagines (about the Saxon and Danish irruptions) planted themselues here, and by difference of dialect, left this as a branch sprung of their Country title.

(a) Plutarch in Alex. R. Curt. lib. 9.
(b) Steph. ωερὶ πολ.
(c) Testament. Alfred. vbi etiam, Ritheramfeild, Diccalingum, Angmeringum. Felthã, alias in hoc agro Villae legãtur Oppertho eiusdem Cognato.
(d) Gothodanic. lib. 7.

† This Riuer that here falls into the Ocean might well bee vnderstood in that (a) Port of Adur, about this coast, the reliques whereof, learned Camden takes to be Edrington, or Adrington, a little from Shoreham. And the Author here so calls it Adur.

(a) Portus Adurni in Notil. Prouins.

The Downes did very ill, poor Woods so to debase.
But now, the Ouse, a Nymph of very scornfull grace,
So touchy waxt therewith, and was so squeamish growne,
That her old name she scorn'd should publiquely be knowne.
Whose haven out of mind when as it almost grew,
The lately passed times denominate, the New *
So Cucmer with the rest put to her utmost might:
As Ashbourne undertakes to doe the Forrests right
(At Pemsey, where she powres her soft and gentler Flood)
And Asten once distain'd with native English blood:
(Whose Soyle, when yet but wet with any little raine,
Doth blush;† as put in mind of those there sadly slaine,
Whose name and honors now are denizend for ours)
That boding ominous Brook, it through the Forrest rung:
Which echoing it againe the mighty Weald along,
Great stirre was like to grow; but that the Muse did charme
Their furies, and her selfe for nobler things did arme."

So ends the seventeenth song of the "Poly-albion." A part of the eighteenth may also be claimed for Sussex, as may appear by the "argument":—

"The Rother through the Weald doth rove
Till he with Oxney fall in love:
Rumney would with her wealth beguile,
And win the River from the Isle."

* New-Haven.

† In the Plaine neere Hastings, where the Norman William after his victorie found King Harold slaine, he built Battell Abbey, which at last (as diuers other Monasteries) grew to a Towne enough populous. Thereabout is a place which after raine alwaies looks red, which som (a) haue (by that authoritie, the Muse also) attributed to a very bloudy sweat of the earth, as crying to heauen for Reuenge of so great a slaughter.

(a) Guil. Paruus hist. I., Cap. 1.

The poet held that the mouth of the Rother, where the river falls into Rye Harbour, was the ancient Limen, on which theory Selden comments adversely in the notes.

"Ovr Argas scarcely yet deliuered of her sonne,
When as the Riuer downe, through Andredsweald dooth run,
Nor can the aged Hill haue comfort of her childe.
For, liuing in the Woods, her Rother waxed wilde;
His Banks with aged Okes, and Rushes ouer-growne,
That from the Syluans kinde, he hardly could be knowne:*
Yea, many a time the Nymphes, which hapt this Flood to see,
Fled from him, whom they sure a Satyre thought to be;
As Satyre-like he held all pleasures in disdaine,
And would not once vouchsafe, to look upon a Plaine;
Till chancing in his course he to view a goodly plot,
Which Albion in his youth, upon a Sea Nymph got,
For Oxney's loue he pines: who being wildly chaste,
And neuer woo'd before, was coy to be imbrac't.
But, what obdurate heart, was euer so peruerse,
Whom yet a louers plaints, with patience could not pearce?
For, in this conflict she being lastly ouerthrowne,
In-Iled in his Armes, he clips her for his owne.
Who being grosse and black, she lik't the Riuer well.
Of Rothers happy match, when Rumney Marsh heard tell,

* Out of Sussex, into its Eastern neighbour, Kent, this Canto leads you. It begins with Rother, whose running through the woods, insling Oxney, and such like, poetically here described, is plain enough to any apprehending conceit; and upon Medway's Song of our Martial and Heroic spirits, because a large volume might be written to explain their glory in particular action, and in less comprehension without wrong to many worthies it's not performable, I have omitted all Illustration of that kind, and left you to the Muse herself.

Whil'st in his youthfull course himselfe he doth apply,
And falleth in her sight into the Sea at Rye,
She thinketh with her selfe, how she a way might finde
To put the homely Ile quite out of her Rothers minde.
Appearing to the Flood, most brauely like a Queene,
Clad (all) from head to foot in gaudy Summers green;
Her mantle richly wrought, with sundry flowers and weeds;
Her moystfull temples bound, with wreaths of quiuering reeds:

Which loosely flowing downe, vpon her lusty thighes,
Most strongly seeme to tempt the Riuers amorous eyes.
And on her loynes a frock, with many a swelling pleate,
Embost with well-spread Horse, large Sheepe, and full-fed Neate.

Some wallowing in the grasse, there lie a while to batten;
Some sent away to kill; some thither brought to fatten;
With Villages amongst, oft powthred heere and there;
And (that the same more like to Landskip should appeare)
With Lakes and lesser Foards, to mitigate the heate
(In Summer when the Fly doth prick the gadding Neate,
Forc'd from the Brakes, where late they brouz'd the veluet buds)

In which, they lick their Hides, and chew their sauoury Cuds.

Of these her amourous toyes, when Oxney came to knowe,
Suspecting least in time her riuall she might growe,
Th'aller'rments of the Marsh, the iealous Ile do moue,
That to a constant course, she thus perswades her Loue:
With Rumney, though for dower I stand in no degree;
In this, to be belou'd yet liker farre then she:
Though I be browne, in me there doth no fauour lack.
The soule is said deform'd: and she, extreamely black.
And though her rich attire, so curious be and rare,
From her there yet proceeds unwholsome putrid aire:

Where my complexion more sutes with the higher ground,
Upon the lusty Weald, where strength doth still abound.
The Wood-gods I refus'd, that su'd to me for grace,
Me in thy watry Armes, thee suffring to imbrace;
Where, to great Neptune she may one day be a pray:
The Sea-gods in her lap lie wallowing euery day.
And what, though of her strength she seem to make no doubt?
Yet put vnto the proofe shee'll hardly hold him out.
With this perswasful speech which Oxney lately vs'd,
With strange and sundry doubts, whilst Rother stood confus'd,
Old Andredsweald at length doth take her time to tell
The changes of the world, that since her youth befell,
When yet upon her soyle, scarce humane foote had trode;
A place where only then, the Syluans made abode.
Where, feareless of the Hunt, the Hart securely stood,
And euery where walkt free, a Burgesse of the Wood.
Untill those Danish routs, whom hunger-staru'd at home,
(Like Wolues pursuing prey) about the world did roame.
And stemming the rude streame diuiding vs from France,
Into the spacious mouth of Rother fell (by chance)
That Lymen * then was nam'd, when (with most irksome care)

* So the Author conjectures; that Rother's mouth was the place called Limen, at which the Danes in time of King Alfred made irruption; which he must (I think) maintain by adding likelyhood that Rother then fell into the Ocean about Hith; where (as the relics of the name in Lime, and the distance from Canterbury in Antoninus, making Portus Lemanis, (a) which is misprinted in Surita's edition, Pontem Lemanis, sixteen miles off) it seems Limen was; and if Rother were Limen, then also, there was it discharged out of the land. But for the Author's words read this: *Equestris paganorum exercitus cum suis equis CCL. navibus Cantiam transuectus in ostio Amnis Limen qui de sylva magna Andred nominata decurrit, applicuit, à cujus ostio IIII. milliariis in eandem sylvam naves suas sursum traxit, ubi quandam arcem semsitructam, quam pauci inhabitabant villani,*

The heauy Danish yoke, the feruile English bare.
And when at last she found, there was no way to leaue
Those, whom she had at first been forced to receiue;
And by her great resort, she was through very need,
Constrained to prouide her peopled Townes to feed.
She learn'd the churlish axe and twybill to prepare,
To steele the coulters edge, and sharpe the furrowing share:
And more industrious still, and only hating sloth,
A huswife she became, most skild in making cloth.
That now the Draper comes from London euery yeare,
And of the Kentish forts, make his prouision there.

diruerunt, aliamque sibi firmiorem in loco qui dicitur Apultrea construxerunt, (b) which are the syllables of Florence of Worcester; and with him in substance fully agrees Matthew of Westminster; nor can I think but that they imagined Rye (where now Rother hath its mouth) to be this Port of Limen, as the Muse here; if you respect her direct terms. Henry of Huntingdon names no River at all, but lands them *ad Portum Limene cum 250 navibus, qui portus est in orientali parte Cent juxta magnum nemus Andredslaige.* (c) How Rother's mouth can be properly said in the East (but rather in the South part) of Kent, I conceive not, and am of the adverse part, thinking clearly that Hith must be Portus Lemanis, which is that coast, as also learned Camden teaches, whose authority cited out of Huntingdon, being near the same time with Florence might be perhaps thought but as of equal credit; therefore I call another witness (d) (that lived not much past fifty years after the arrival) in these words: *In Limneo portu constituunt puppes Apoldre* (so I read, for the print is corrupted) *loco condicto orientali Cantiæ parte, destruíntque ibi prisco opere castrum propter quod rustica manus exigua quippe intrinsecus erat, Illicque hiberna castra confirmant.* (e) Out of which you note both that no River, but a Port only, is spoken of, and that the ships were left in the shore at the haven, and thence the Danes conveyed their companies to Apledowre. The words of this Ethelwerd I respect much more than these later Stories, and I would advise my reader to incline so with me.

(a) Lemannis in Notit. Utr. Provinc.

(b) The Danes with 250 sail, came into the mouth of the River Limen, which runs out of Andredswald: from whence four miles into the wood they got in their ships, and built them a fort at Apledore, 893.

(c) At Port Limen by Andredswald in the East of Kent.

(d) Ethelwerd lib. 4, cap. 4.

(e) They leave their ships in Port-Limen, making their rendezvous at Appledoure in the East of Kent (for this may better endure that name) and there destroyed one Castle and built another.

Whose skirts ('tis said) at first that fiftie furlongs went,
Haue lost their ancient bounds, now limited in Kent."

These learned notes are not the only evidence of the friendship between the poet and the scholar. Selden also was a votary of the Muse, and the following sonnet from his pen, prefixed to the "Baron's Wars, Epistles and Sonnets," is addressed "To his worthy Friend Michael Drayton :"—

"I must admire thee (but to praise were vaine,
What eu'ry tasting palat so approues)
Thy Martiall Pyrrhique, and thy Epique straine
Digesting Warres with heart-uniting Loues ;
The two first Authors of what is compos'd
In this round Systeme All ; it's ancient lore
(All Arts in Discords and Concents are clos'd.
And when vnwinged soules the Fates restore
To th' earth for reparation of their flights,
The first Musicians, Schollers, Louers make ;
The next ranke destinate to Mars his Knights ;
The following rabble meaner titles take)
I see thy Temples crown'd with Phoebus rites :
Thy Bay's to th' eye, with Lilly mixt and Rose,
As to the eare a Diapason close." *

It may perhaps be thought that the notes show the scholar with far more certainty than the verses show the poet.

* According to that in Plato's Phaedrus, where, under the names of Louers of beauty (which comprehends all kind ot faire obiects, either in the mind or body), and of Souldiers, all such as are eminent for true worth, are comprehended ; the rest of men being of a farre lower ranke.

A Sussex Book.

AMONGST the books to which Sussex has given birth, one of the most curious is Turner's "Remarkable Providences." This impressive folio is perhaps best described by its very full title page:—"A Compleat History of the Most Remarkable Providences, Both of Judgment and Mercy, Which have Hapned in this Present Age. Extracted from the Best Writers, the Author's own Observations, and the Numerous Relations sent him from divers Parts of the Three Kingdoms. To which is Added, Whatever is Curious in the Works of Nature and Art. The Whole Digested into One Volume, under Proper Heads; being a Work set on Foot Thirty Years ago, by the Reverend Mr. Poole, Author of the Synopsis Criticorum: and since Undertaken and Finished, By William Turner, M.A., Vicar of Walberton, in Sussex. Recommended as useful to Ministers in Furnishing Topicks of Reproof and Exhortation, and to Private Christians for their Closets and Families.

One Generation shall praise thy Works to another, and shall declare thy mighty Acts. Psal. 145. 4. London: Printed for John Dunton, at the Raven, in Jewen-Street, MDCXCVII."

Before Mr. Turner, who was born at Marbury, Cheshire, in 1653, went to the University, he was resident in the house of the saintly Philip Henry at the Broad Oak, and to him was committed the early education of Matthew Henry. In this, as in many other cases, the pupil surpassed his master. Turner also "entered Katy in reading English, and Sarah in Hebrew." The period at Broad Oak was only from August, 1670, to February, 1671. He matriculated at St. Edward Hall, Oxford 26th March, 1669, took his B.A. in 1672, and became M.A. in 1675. The early piety of Matthew Henry was not more remarkable than his precocious intellectual development, and though Mr. Turner did not share the Nonconformist scruples of the Henrys, his theological views were much the same. Thus, in 1691, he wrote to Philip Henry, "Your son's book is orthodox in my opinion; and agreeable to my rule of faith and charity; and his vindicator is a man of brisk brains and sharpwitted pen." The "vindicator" was

the Rev. William Tong, at whose instance Matthew Henry had written.

William Turner, we have John Dunton's testimony, was "a man of wonderful moderation, and of great piety." In the opinion of that honest bookseller Mr. Turner's style was "very easy and free." And one other peculiarity would endear him to the bibliopole, "he was very generous, and would not receive a farthing for his copy till the success was known." In 1698, Dunton mentions that nearly a thousand copies of the "Remarkable Providences" had been disposed of in London, and complains that only twenty had been sold in Ireland. Amongst the Dunton MSS. in the Bodleian is a letter from Turner to the bookseller about his "Book of Religions."

There is much promise in the lengthy title of "Remarkable Providences," and it cannot be said to be falsified by the contents of the book, which are of the most varied and miscellaneous nature. Mr. Turner appears to have emptied his common-place book, and even his note book, into this folio. Some of the articles are but a line in length, and are mere references to authorities, whilst a life of Queen Mary—then recently deceased—occupies many of its folio pages. It is a mingle-mangle of

"wise saws and modern instances," set down without any critical effort to sort the wheat from the chaff, or the true from the false. Mr. Turner appears to have had the faculty of belief strongly developed, and to have been innocent of any principles of criticism, whether higher or lower.

A Remarkable Escape from Execution.

There are several references in the book to the author and his relations and friends. "I will here set down," he says, "a remarkable story of my own father, William Turner, a private man, and disengaged from parties; who yet in the time of our late Civil Wars, being requested by a neighbour to assist him in the securing of a gelding, which he had in a pasture, not far from my father's house, upon the expectation of an army, that was coming in that road: My father readily, without any excuse, went along with him, took the horse out of the pasture, went along the road, so long, till the neighbour, fearing danger, diverted into the fields: My father being not far from his own house, and trusting partly to the innocence of his cause, kept the road, and bid farewell to his companion; but by and by meeting with some soldiers, he passed by them, and after them,

others; till at last, finding the lane narrow, and the soldiers come in greater multitudes, to avoid the trouble of giving way to so many, having a confidence in the swiftness of his horse, and the knowledge of by-paths, he turned back again, but had not gone far, till he was shot at once and again, and at last shot through his body between the bowels and bastard-ribs, and at last seized. His horse, boots, sword, and clothes all taken from him; and a tattered suit of apparel from a common soldier put upon him: And at last brought to the General, who passed this sentence upon him, that he should be hang'd the next rendezvous. Accordingly he was driven before them to the next market-town (Drayton, in Shropshire), put under the table, whilst the General and his officers went to breakfast, in order to be hanged by and by. But upon a false report, the General caused the trumpeter to sound a march, and so left my father bleeding inwardly in the inn. Three chirurgeons, that were sent for, successively, one after the other, gave him over for desperate; but at last a gentlewoman, related to the Earl of Shrewsbury, looking upon his wound, did believe it curable, and accordingly undertook the cure, and in six months at least

effected it; but so that my father upon the least surcharge of new ale or beer, or any windy liquor, was obnoxious to fainting-fits; till it pleased God, after 20 years, or thereabouts, to order it so, that the escharre broke out in way of an issue, which continued with him (I think) to almost the time of his death, which was in the 77th year of his age, A.D. 1689-90. This I thought myself bound in point of gratitude to the Divine Providence to record." (Chap. xxiii., Some Personal deliverances No. 5).

Forebodings of Death.

There was apparently a spice of the uncanny in the family. "I had a maternal uncle," he says, "that died the third of March last, 1678, which was the anniversary day of his birth; and (which is a truth exceeding strange) many years ago he foretold the day of his death to be that of his birth; and he also averr'd the same but about the week before his departure." (Chap. xv., 13).

It is therefore not surprising that he is ready to lend an ear to ghost stories and other wonderful narratives.

A Ghost Story.

"Being lately at Sir John Brisco's house, a

baronet, now living at Amley Castle, in Sussex. His sister, then a guest at his house, and married to an East-India merchant, a gentleman of good parts, told me, that living at New-Salisbury, and designing to make some provision for her husband's return, and speaking of it in the house, she was often discouraged by a nurse, that she kept in the house with her, who advised her still, to stay till she saw him return: At last, tidings came, that he was dead in the Indies. Upon which the nurse told her, that she being in bed one night with her mistress, and sitting up to give the child suck by moon-shine, a person in the form of her husband (whom she had never seen, but only guessed at, by the representation given of him by others,) appeared to her, standing at the bed-side, and looking stedfastly upon her, and after some short space departed: And for this reason, she suspected his death, and consequently gave the advice afore-said. And upon computation and comparing the story of the nurse, and the contents of the letter together, it was found that the apparition was made at the very same time of his death. This the lady assured me with great confidence, with some other particular circum-

stances, which have slipt my memory." (Chap. xvi., 20).

A Doubtful Bequest.

He was not, however, without a sense of humour. "Going one time to Major Trevers', his house in Cheshire, I met with the Major at Tarvin, near his house, where there had been a lecture that day, permitted by Bishop Wilkins, and kept up by the neighbouring clergy: The Major told me, that the preacher for that day had this pleasant (shall I say? or odd) passage in his sermon: A Scotch laird, or gentleman, having sent for a clerk to make his will, began to him thus (after the common preface), 'Imprimis, I bequeath my soul to God'—to which his clerk made answer very seriously, 'But what if he wonnot take it, mon!' With what temper of spirit it was then spoken, I know not; but sure I am, 'tis a point that deserves a serious thoughtfulness and gravity of mind." (Chap. cxlv. 12).

A Warning to Cantankerous Parishioners.

"One of my parishioners where I was minister formerly, having given occasion of scandal, by his drunkenness, and reproachful tongue, and execra-

tions, was by me dissuaded from coming to the Sacrament till such time as he had given some proof of his reformation. He took this so disdainfully, that he left our communion, went first to a meeting of dissenting Protestants in the town, then to the Papists; and at last falling ill of a strange disease in his bowels, from which he could find no ease or relief, but by taking a daily dose of laudanum; his only child died, his wife became lame in her arm, and he continued pining away some years, and at last died in extream poverty, and was carried like a sack of corn, with only one man attending, on horseback to his grave." (Chap. cxix., 7).

Supernatural Lights.

"When I was minister of Shipley, in Sussex, a certain man of another parish on a Lord's Day after evening service, came to me, and desired to speak with me about some particular case of conscience (I think it was concerning the sin against the Holy Ghost); after some discourse upon the point, he told me that he had for many years been haunted with doubts, and great fears about his salvation, and could enjoy no comfort; but at last unexpectedly as he was in his loom (for he was a

weaver by trade) a certain text of Scripture was suggested to his mind, by he knew not what secret impulse, and thereupon all the thick fog, which he had so long laboured under was scattered, and the room was filled with great light, and he enjoyed a great serenity, and peace, and comfort afterwards." (Chap. xxiv., 5).

Still more remarkable is the second narrative of this kind.

"One Mr. Burgess, late minister of Graffam, in Sussex, being put to some trouble at his first coming to that place, through the unkindness (not to say dishonesty) of some neighbours, made a journey to London, for the better securing himself in the possession, and returning home, came late to the outward skirts of the parish, where being apprehensive of danger, partly by reason of the great darkness of the night, and partly by reason of the waters and ditches, which are thereabouts somewhat formidable to a stranger, he did by some secret ejaculations earnestly beg of God, so to direct and preserve him in the way, that he might not miscarry before he got to his own (then a new) home: and presently a light shone about him, to his great surprizal and comfort, and did accompany him closely (as the Pillar of Fire did

the Israelites), either going before him, or surrounding him (for I dare not be positive, through the defect of my memory), till he got safe to his own house. This hath been attested to me by his own son, an honest, sober man, now living at Graffam; and one Mr. Cockrill, a near neighbour, who faith he heard Mr. Graffam, the Elder, often speak of it with wonder." (Chap. lxxx., 8),

Turner had doubts as to the lawfulness of astrology, and mentions a conversation with a preacher of that art in Shropshire, who defended its lawfulness, but admitted its uncertainty, whilst claiming to have "hit upon the truth," by means of "casting a figure," which led to the arrest of a horse thief. (Chap. xi., 12).

A Girl in a Trance.

Whilst at Shipley he was much impressed by the death of his servant girl, "Mary Holland, aged about 16 or 17 years, jolly and corpulent, honest, humble, and innocent, free from all pride and guile naturally, so far as I could judge," he says, "but of no sharp intellectuals." This girl fell into a deep sleep, which lasted till the third night, when she awoke. Turner and his wife joined the women who were nursing her, and

began to pray, when the girl appeared to be going through a spiritual conflict, "and broke out into such passionate and strange expressions as seemed to have proceeded from a sense of some extraordinary assault from devils." After a while she made a disposition of her little possessions, and then began to talk with herself. These meditations, apparently of delirium, Mr. Turner noted down pen in hand, and it covers a good page of this great folio, but is not worth reproducing. She died on the following day. (Chap. i., 10).

Touching for the King's Evil.

The belief that the British monarchs had the power to cure scrofula by touch is one of great antiquity, and long survived. "Concerning which," says our author, "take only this story; discoursing upon a time with Mr. Philip Caryll, of Shipley, in Sussex, a Roman Catholick, concerning miracles done in this last age, in this nation; he produced this for an instance: That his son being affected with that distemper (he having no faith in the case), was earnestly perswaded to address himself to King Charles the Second for a touch of his hand; which having procured, his son was

restored to perfect health ; which he declared to me, calling his son into company, and shewing him perfectly healed." (Chap. lxxxii., 7).

Crowborough Hill.

"Crowborough-Hill," says Mr. Turner, "about eight miles from Tunbridge-Wells, is so very high, that in a clear sky ships may be seen under sail : There is also an unlimited prospect on this hill, which renders it the more delightful." (Pt. 2, chap. xlviii., 7).

This is the only evidence the book affords of any delight in natural scenery.

Dwarfs and other Monstrosities.

Mr. Turner felt that the proper study of mankind is man, and notes various dwarfs and monsters, native and imported, that he had seen in Sussex. Thus there was a maid, born in Ireland, who was exposed to view at Arundel, who besides strange moles upon her body, had a great excrescence hard as stone, very bulky and weighty, so that she was not able to carry it about without a truss. (Pt. 2, chap. xxii., 6). He mentions also a monstrous birth at Burdham, near Chichester. The body was nailed up in the

church porch "as a Monument of Divine Judgment." (Pt. 2, chap. xxvii., 4). Another monstrous birth, the child of "one Annis Fig, an adultress of Chichester," is also recorded as having occurred 1 Feb., 1581. (Pt. 2, chap. xxvii., 20). Then there was a little woman at Chichester not above two cubits in height, "but her legs were not very perfect." (Pt. 2, chap. xii., 14).

Mr. William Garraway of Ford.

Pleasanter reading is Mr. Turner's account of his "honoured friend and neighbour," Mr. William Garraway, the son of Alderman Garraway, of London, who was a prominent figure in the Commonwealth period. "He was then in the eighty-first year of his age, very healthful and stout in his body, of perfect sence, and good memory, to a wonder: but the wonder is abated, when we consider his caution used in dieting of himself; for he keeps a fast, and abstains from all food, at least, one day every week; and at other times ordinarily abstains from wine and strong liquors, unless now and then a glass, by way of cordial." (Chap. lxxi., 8). Mr. Garraway was resident at Ford, and must have been a fine

example of bodily and mental vigour in old age. "Tho' of excellent natural endowments, and great reading, yet is still," Mr. Turner, testifies, "very inquisitive after more knowledge, careful to purchase all books of worth as they come from the press, and very curious and attentive in reading and marking them. In all my coversation I have not met with such a walking-library, except the late Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Barlow." (Chap. xlix., 32).

A Special and Remarkable Providence at Hastings.

From Mr. Garraway our author heard of "a special and remarkable providence" at Hastings about the year 1694. "When the people were in great poverty, and suffer'd much by scarcity of money and provisions, it pleased God, that an unusual and great shoal of herrings came up the river, by which the inhabitants were plentifully supplied for the present; and the next week after, a multitude of cod succeeded them, which were supposed to have driven the former into the river before them; by which means the necessity of the poor inhabitants was supplied unexpectedly, to admiration." (Chap. xxi., 5).

Some of these passages place the Reverend

William Turner in a light which will not commend him to modern ideas, and it would be a vain effort to attempt to show that he was wiser than his own generation. Let our last quotation be one then that is creditable to his heart, and to the Sussex folk amongst whom his lot was cast:—

"I think my candid reader will easily pardon me, if for gratitude's sake I take an occasion here for the glory of God, and the commendation of the people, to make mention of the respects, love, and kindness (much beyond my desert) which I received as from the inhabitants of Arundel and Shipley, in Sussex; so especially from the parishioners of Preston, Gubbals, and Broughton, in Shropshire; together with the adjacent neighbourhood, which were so freely and plentifully shewed me whilst I was their minister, that I may testify of them, they were kind to me even beyond their power (some of them); and I hope God would return it into their bosoms, and remember them in the day of their distress: for I speak this to their praise, I never met with more loving people in my life." (Chap. lxi., 14).

In addition to the "Remarkable Providences," he was the author of a "History of all Religions in the world," which was published by Dunton, in

1695. A letter referring to this undertaking is preserved among the papers of the bookseller in the Bodleian Library. Chalmers was unable to find the date of Turner's death. In 1697, he became Rector of Binsted, Sussex, but the registers of that parish, which adjoins his former cure of Walburton, contain no mention of him. The Rev. Henry C. Lewis, the present rector, has kindly examined them, and reports that some leaves appear to have been cut out, so that there are no burials registered between 1672 and 1702.

The Mercer's Son of Midhurst.

SUCH a broadside as might well have been in the pack of Autolycus is that which, in the seventeenth century, was "printed by and for A. M., and sold by the booksellers of London," and is devoted to "An excellent Ballad of the Mercer's Son of Midhurst and the Cloathier's Daughter of Guildford." It is printed in the Ballad Society's edition of the "Roxburghe Ballads," ii., 189. The guileless poet tells how a Sussex youth went wooing to a maid, who frankly vows that she will marry only for money, and is indifferent as to who her husband may be if he is wealthy. On this the swain induces his father to convey to him assurance "of all his house and land." The married pair treat him badly, and as a punishment they have no child. The wife at length strangles herself, and the husband

"E're thirteen years was past
Dy'd he without a will,
And by this means at last,
The old man living still,

Enjoy'd his land at last,
After much misery:
Many years after that
Liv'd he most happily.

Far richer than before—
By this means was he known—
He helpt the sick and sore,
The poor man overthrown.
But this was all his song,
Let all men understand,
Those parents are accursed
Who live on their children's land."

"The moral of the story," says Mr. William Chappell, "is that parents should not during life relinquish the power over their property and transfer it to their children; or else they may expect an ungrateful return. . . . If an old house at Midhurst or at Guildford has not yet been consecrated by tradition to the Mercer of Midhurst, or to the Clothier of Guildford, it is easy still to remedy the defect. 'Nothing so easy as to make a tradition,' says Sir Walter Scott."

The moral of the story is the moral of "Lear," and it is one that was often enforced by the mediæval moralists.

The Drummer of Herstmonceux.

HORACE WALPOLE visited Herstmonceux Castle in 1752. "They showed us," he says, "a dismal chamber, which they call Drummer's Hall, and suppose that Mr. Addison's comedy is descended from it." Herstmonceux is now more ruinous than it was in Walpole's day, but a fragment of this room still remains for the inspection of the curious. How far the claim that *The Drummer* had a Sussex origin can be made good will appear from the following inquiry into its literary history.

The Drummer was first produced at Drury Lane, March 10th, 1716, and although the players were actors of consummate ability, it was received "with cold disapprobation." The name of the author was not stated. The piece ran only three nights. Its subsequent stage history has not been much more fortunate. It was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, February 2nd, 1722, with Hippisley as Vellum. When again brought out at Drury Lane, October 3rd, 1738, it ran for three

nights. The playbill intimated that "the audience having been much disgusted at the performance being interrupted by persons crowding on the stage, it is humbly hoped none will take it ill that they cannot be admitted behind the scenes in future." *The Drummer* appeared for one night at Covent Garden, January 23rd, 1745, with the younger Cibber as Tinsel, Hippisley as Vellum, Ryan as Sir George Truman, Mrs. Horton as the heroine, and Mrs. Mullart as Abigail. It was played about nine times at Drury Lane, beginning January 25th, 1754, with Mrs. Clive as Abigail and Mrs. Pritchard as Lady Truman. On January 28th, 1762, it was produced at Covent Garden, with Shuter as Vellum, Mrs. Pitt as Abigail, and Mrs. Ward as the heroine. It was twice acted. On January 29th, 1762, *The Drummer* was produced at Drury Lane, and ran for about three nights. This revival at the two houses was due not to any conviction of the merits of the comedy, but to the fact that the "town" was going silly over the imposture of the Cock Lane ghost. After an interval of eight years the play was placed again on the stage of Drury Lane, with Parsons as Vellum, Miss Pope as Abigail, and Mrs. Hopkins as Lady Truman.

Reduced to two acts, and now denominated a farce, *The Drummer*, appeared at Covent Garden, January 24th, 1786. It was produced at Bath, March, 1790. The last time it appeared on the English stage was at Drury Lane, December 13th, 1794, when it was arranged in three acts with Dodd as Vellum, Miss Pope as Abigail, and Mrs. Goodall as Lady Truman. These details are derived entirely from Geneste, and sufficiently show that *The Drummer* never succeeded in gaining any firm hold upon an English audience. In Dibdin's "Annals of the Edinburgh Theatre" there is one entry relating to this play: "On the following evening (March 16th, 1756), for the benefit of Mr. Thomson, late manager of the theatre, *The Drummer*, by the late ingenious Mr. Addison. Tickets at Mr. Thomson's house at the Abbey."

Sir Richard Steele sold the copyright of *The Drummer* to Jacob Tonson, March 12th, 1715-16, for fifty guineas, and it was printed in quarto in the same year—1716—with a preface by Steele, in which the piece is very highly praised. "The scenes were written very much after Moliere's manner," and "an easie and natural vein of humour ran through the whole." Even its want

of success is not acknowledged: "As it is not in the common way of writing, the approbation was at first doubtful, but has risen every time it has been acted, and has given an opportunity in several of its parts for as just and good action as ever I saw on the stage." This is not precisely the manner in which it might be expected to hear a Patentee speaking of a play that, according to Geneste, had only a three nights' run. Steele regarded the play as the work of his friend Addison, and imparted this impression to Tonson when selling the copyright. Whether he conveyed the same impression elsewhere is not known, but after Addison's death on the 17th June, 1719, he explicitly informed the publisher that *The Drummer* was the work of Addison.

The first collection of Addison's writings was made by Thomas Tickell, and published by Tonson in 1721. In this edition *The Drummer* is omitted. Sir Richard Steele re-issued it in its pamphlet form with a second preface in the shape of a letter to Congreve. In this he complains severely of the ungenerous manner in which he held that he had been treated by Tickell. As to *The Drummer*, he says that he would not have written the first preface had he thought that with it any other

than Addison "had much more to do than as an Amanuensis." Further, he adds,—"I will put all my credit among men of art for the truth of my averment, when I presume to say that no one but Mr. Addison was in any other way [than as amanuensis] the writer of *The Drummer*: at the same time I will allow that he sent for me, which he could always do from his natural power over me, as much as he could send for any of his clerks when he was Secretary of State, and told me that a gentleman then in the room had written a play that he was sure I would like, but it was to be a secret, and he knew I would take as much pains, since he recommended it, as I would for him."

The language here attributed to Addison does not amount to a claim to the authorship, but may perhaps be interpreted as intended to give that impression, and Steele's account receives an incidental corroboration in the statement of Theobald, who, in a note to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, says,—"The ingenious Mr. Addison, I remember, told me that he sketched out the character of Vellum in the comedy called *The Drummer* purely from this model"—that is, the character of Saint in the *Scornful Lady*.

Tonson apparently carried out a threat to Steele to sell the copyright, for what was the third edition of the play appeared with the following title page:—"*The Drummer or the Haunted House*; a comedy. With a preface by Sir Richard Steele, and his letter to Mr. Congreve concerning the Author of this play, etc. London; Printed for the Company of Booksellers." This forms part of Vol. XIV., of a collection of the Best English Plays, which must have been published about 1723, as the plays volume range in date from 1721 to 1723. At page 23 there is the following important statement: "Advertisement concerning the author of this Play. Mr. Harrison, an ingenious Gentlemen who had written several *Tatlers* after Mr. Steele had dropt them, undertook afterwards to write a play called *The Drummer, or the Haunted House*, under the direction and tutorship of Mr. Addison, as he told a friend of his at the Hague where he was Secretary to the Earl of Strafford in 1710. That friend, to whom Mr. Harrison read some scenes of his Play, thinks they were much the same as here in this Play; but he cannot be positive, that Mr. Harrison had quite finished his Play, or tell what alterations Mr. Addison may

have made in it after Mr. Harrison's death, which was in 1712. Mr. Tickell may be best able to give an account of that; and this hint may serve to justify him for not joining this play with Mr. Addison's works."

The Drummer has been several times reprinted since then, and generally without the letter to Congreve, and always without the important "Advertisement." It now may be useful to turn to the Mr. Harrison who is there named.

William Harrison was the son of Dr. Harrison, Master of St. Cross, Winchester, and was entered in the register of Winchester School, in 1698, when he was thirteen years old. He was famous as a youth for his power of extempore versification, which was then much in use at the school. Whilst there he wrote a satire on the Winchester ladies, and his poem on Woodstock Park was written soon after going to New College, Oxford, of which he became a Fellow. This poem drew from Addison the flattering remark that "This young man in his very first attempt has exceeded most of the best writers of his age." On the recommendation of Addison he became tutor to a son of the Duke of Queensberry, and whilst in the receipt of £40 a year for his care of the young gentleman, he

received from Addison the sensible advice to "read a good History of England, that you may know the affairs of your own country." Harrison, who had the sense to follow this advice, attracted the notice of Dean Swift, by whose influence with St. John, possibly aided by that of Addison with Lord Raby, he became secretary to Lord Raby (afterwards Earl of Strafford), when he was ambassador at the Hague. There is a painful letter, written by Harrison from Utrecht, Dec. 16, 1712, for it shows that notwithstanding the high appointment he had received, the Government refrained from paying his salary, which was nominally £1,000 a year, so that he was in great straits. He speaks frankly of his difficulties, and with ardent gratitude to Swift for exertions on his behalf. This appears in Scott's "Dryden," Vol. XVI., p. 39; but, with many other references to William Harrison, is wrongly indexed. The entries in Swift's "Journal to Stella" are numerous, and give a vivid picture of this, the most important period of Harrison's life. They show, too, what a hold the clever young man had upon Swift's heart, and the efforts the Dean made to promote his fortunes, whilst styling his *Tatlers* "trash."

Dr. Young told Joseph Spence that when Harrison came over with the Barrier Treaty he "went to court very richly dressed, on a birth-night within a month after his return, caught a violent cold there, which brought on a fever and carried him off. He was a little brisk man, quick and passionate, rather foppish in his appearance, a pretty look, and a quick eye. His family were all handsome." Swift, who had obtained some money for him, has this entry under date Feb. 14, 1712-13:—"I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I had the hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind misgave me; I knocked, and his man, in tears, told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me! I went to his mother, and have been ordering things for his funeral, with as little cost as possible, to-morrow, at ten at night. Lord Treasurer was much concerned when I told him I could not dine with Lord Treasurer or anybody else; but got a bit of meal toward evening. No loss ever grieved me so much; poor creature!" Tickell and Young have also left on record their admiration for this "much-loved youth," and their sorrow at his untimely fate.

Such is the record of this young man's brief, brilliant, and pathetic career. There is but little left to justify for him a place in English literature, and it is the more difficult to make any claim on his behalf that his writings have never been collected. There exist from his pen various essays in collections. Thus, there are verses mentioned by Swift in Tonson's sixth "Miscellany." In the second number of the *Tatler* he wrote the verses entitled "The Medicine"—a humorous story based upon a passage in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." When Steele discontinued the *Tatler* Harrison started it afresh, and edited fifty-two numbers—13th January, 1711, to 19th May, 1711. These form what is sometimes called the "Fifth Volume" of the *Tatler*, but although Swift and Congreve were among the contributors, the new periodical did not maintain the reputation of its predecessor. He wrote an "Ode to the Duke of Marlborough," which is printed in Duncombe's translation of Horace. In Nichol's "Select Collection of Poems" there are the following:—"To Mrs. M. M., with a bough of an orange tree" (Vol. IV., p. 180); "In Praise of Laudanum" (p. 181); "To a very Young Lady" (p. 182); "On the Death of a Lady's

Cat" (p. 182); "The Passion of Sappho" (p. 183); "The Medicine" (Vol. VII., p. 234). In Dodsley's "Collection of Poems" there is "Woodstock Park, 1706" (Vol. V., p. 227). This is his longest attempt in verse, but the fashion of such descriptive writing is now entirely obsolete. Marlborough, Addison, Garth, and Congreve are named. His lines "In praise of Laudanum" may be quoted as possibly the expression of an English opium-eater before De Quincey:—

> "I feel, O Laudanum, thy power divine,
> And fall with pleasure at thy slumbering shrine;
> Lull'd by thy charms, I 'scape each anxious thought,
> And everything but Mira is forgot."

A word may be said as to the influence of *The Drummer* upon foreign literature. Phillippe Néricault Destouches, the French dramatist, was in England from 1717 to 1743, and here may have become familiar with *The Drummer* of which he wrote an adaptation, "Le Tambour Nocturne," in 1733. It was not one of his most successful pieces, from a literary point of view, but was favourably received when placed on the stage after his death. The editor of the works of Destouches repeats a curious statement that an Italian translation was condemned by the

Inquisition to be burnt. Destouches' version is in prose, but there was another adaptation issued in 1737, in verse par M[onsieu]r D* D* [Descaseaux Desgranges]. It also attracted the notice of J. C. Gottsched, and "Das Gespenste mit der Trummel" is included in the second volume of his "Deutsche Schaubuhne," Leipzig, 1742. Gottsched translated, amongst many other things, Addison's "Cato."

It frequently happens that the origin of a play can be definitely traced, and plots have often been freely appropriated. *The Drummer* is, however, an original drama, and no real analogue has yet been indicated. Addison's latest biographer, Mr. Leslie Stephen, calls *The Drummer* "a prose comedy founded on the story of the drummer of Tedworth, told in Glanvil's 'Saducismus Triumphatus.'" This assertion, which appears to have no solid foundation, I have not been able to find any trace of before the appearance of a paragraph in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1796 (p. 6). The statement, not made very positively, was included in "Addisoniana," in 1803. This book is an amusing, but not very authoritative, publication, issued by Sir Richard Phillips. "Upon this story, related to him in early life, it

is said Mr. Addison imbibed the first idea of writing his play of *The Drummer or the Haunted House*." This was repeated and amplified by John Timbs, who had been the amanuensis of Phillips, when he published, under the pseudonym of Horace Welby, in 1825, a book since several times reprinted, entitled "Signs after Death." Timbs observes: "Every one has heard of the comedy of *The Drummer, or the Haunted House*, celebrated enough in its day, but the popularity of which ceased when the affair was no longer a topic of conversation."

This is sufficient in itself to show the baselessness of the theory, for the affair at Tedworth happened in 1661—1663, and *The Drummer* was not put upon the stage until 1715. Nor is there the slightest resemblance between the story told by Glanvil and the drama upon which it is said to be based. Glanvil's narrative is that a mendicant drummer, travelling with a forged pass, was detected by Mr. Mompesson of Tedworth in Wiltshire, who had the drum taken from him and ordered the constable to take him before a magistrate. The constable let the vagrant off, but sent the drum to Mompesson's house, which soon after had the reputation of being haunted.

The chief annoyance was a frequent noise of thumping and drumming. This was chiefly in the children's room, but other parts of the house were affected. Beds were lifted, a Bible thrown in the ashes, and various articles moved about without any apparent cause. The drummer was tried at Gloucester Assizes for felony and sentenced to transportation, but evaded the sentence. Glanvil says "but by some means—it is said by raising storms and affrighting the seamen—he made shift to come back again," and the disturbances recommenced. Mompesson then indicted him at Salisbury Assizes in 1663 "for a witch," and upon evidence that he said "I have plagued him, and he shall never be quiet until he hath made me satisfaction for taking away my drum," the grand jury found a bill, but the petty jury with greater sense acquitted him. Gradually the disturbances died away apparently without any discovery of their real origin. Glanvil's narrative is quoted in Ennemoser's "History of Magic," and other works. It will be seen from a brief analysis that the incidents have not the slightest resemblance to the plot of *The Drummer*. This has no supernatural machinery. Lady Truman, whose husband is supposed to have been slain in

battle, has several suitors for her handsome person and extensive possessions. The noise of a drum is heard nightly, and the servants are alarmed at this ghastly visitant. It is, in fact, one of the lady's rejected suiters, who, in connivance with the obliging Abigail has taken this method of frightening away his rivals, the chief of whom is a London fop who makes a shallow profession of unbelief in everything except that the world was made by chance. Sir George Truman, the report of whose death was false, returns home as a magician, and tells the fortunes of his "widow" and her suitors. Thus when Fantome, disguised as Sir George, and armed with a drum, has frightened away two of the suitors, he is himself driven off by the apparition of the real Sir George. The comedy closes with the marriage of Abigail and the Steward, and the re-union of Sir George and Lady Truman.

Mr. W. J. Courthope declares, "There appears to be no good reason for doubting that *The Drummer* was the work of Addison. . . . The plot is poor and trivial, nor does the dialogue, though it shows in many passages traces of its author's peculiar vein of humour, make amends by its brilliancy for the tameness of the dramatic

situation." Dr. Joseph Warton calls it "that excellent and neglected comedy, that just picture of life and real manners, where the poet never speaks in his own person, or totally drops or forgets a character for the sake of introducing a brilliant simile or acute remark : where no train is laid for wit ; no Jeremys or Bens are allowed to appear."

The data now brought together, even if not sufficient for a definitive judgment, make it probable that the story of the house at Tedworth, haunted by a drummer, which Addison would hear in his boyhood, as his father's residence was in the same county and at no great distance, may have recurred to him in manhood as a fitting subject for treatment in a comedy. That he would suggest it to young William Harrison is not unlikely, seeing the interest that he took in him. The exact share of Harrison as author or amanuensis cannot now be determined, but whether great or little, it need not be doubted that to Addison the play owes the excellent qualities of its style.

It is to be regretted that Walpole did not give a more detailed account of the drummer of Herstmonceux. The local story appears to have

been that the martial spirit guarded a treasure placed in a chest and concealed in a recess of the wall. This hoard having been discovered by a steward of the estate the drummer felt relieved of his duty. But from another account it seems probable that the smugglers with whom Sussex abounded in the "good old times" made occasional use of portions of the castle as a hiding place for goods which had not paid duty. The beating of the drum was a signal used by these gentry to give information to each other and to frighten their superstitions neighbours from too close inquiry into these transactions. This is certainly a very rationalistic explanation. Herstmonceux is no longer haunted. *The Drummer* has fled and his drum has been silenced for ever.

Sussex Sun-dials.

A SUN-DIAL is always a pleasant and often picturesque addition to a building, whether that building be a stately church or an antique cottage. Since clocks and watches have become so common, it is perhaps too much to expect that there will be any general revival of the older fashion of marking time. The civilized man, as Emerson points out, has a watch in his pocket, but has lost the power of telling the time of day by the sun—a faculty possessed in a rare degree by primitive man, and one that should never be lost by those whose happy fortune it is to have plenty of out-door avocations. It is a point in favour of the sun-dial that, although an artifical method of measuring time, it is one likely to strengthen the power of accurate observation, since even to the least observant the changing shadow on its face would be associated in the mind with the progress in the sky of the great light of the earth. That there is still considerable interest in the subject of sun-dials is evident from

the fact that three editions have appeared of Mrs. Gatty's "Book of Sun-dials." *

Sun-dials are not so common in Sussex as might have been expected, but there is an undated one at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, and another at Sun-dial House, Hove, which are not mentioned by Mrs. Gatty and her contributors.

Arundel.

In the wall of the south aisle of Arundel Church, there is a dial dated 1744. On it is the following motto :—"Dixe dies numerare" (*Learn to number the days*).

Bishopstone.

This place, the residence of that amiable man James Hurdis, the author of the "Favourite Village," can boast of one of the most remarkable sun-dials in the country. It is placed over the church porch, and is inscribed "✠ Eadric." The stone is rounded at the top, and has for ornament a Greek fret. The hour lines are thirteen in number. The five principal lines

* The latest, a handsome quarto volume of nearly 600 pages, was published in 1890 by Messrs. George Bell & Son. It is a book to be welcomed to the working library of the antiquary, and yet possessing so much of popular and pictorial interest (for it is illustrated by charming drawings) as to deserve a place on the table of what our elders called the parlour—a name now almost as obsolete as the sun-dial.

cross at the end, and divide the day into four parts. Each of these parts is divided again into three. In this way the twelve hours in the day are marked, etc., according to Roman usage, in combination, with the four tydes of the octaval system. History records that Eadric, a prince of the South Saxons, who was the son of Egbert, King of Kent, was living in A.D. 685, the year when Wilfrid departed from Sussex. If the name on the dial may be identified with that of this Saxon prince, the Bishopstone dial is more than twelve centuries old.

Brighton.

On the West Pier at Brighton there are six mottoes: "Umbra docet" (*The Shadow teaches*); "Hinc disce" (*Hence learn*); "Sine umbra nihil (*Nothing is without shadow*); "Tis always morning somewhere in the world" (a line from R. H. Horne's "farthing epic" of *Orion*); and "Horas non numero nisi serenas" (*I count only the bright hours*). In Helps's "Friends in Council" Ellesmere's criticism on the last phrase is "that for men the dial was either totally useless or utterly false." This same motto inspired Mr. Joseph Ellis to write his poem of

THE SUN-DIAL.

(Horas non numero nisi serenas !)

Only the sunny hours !
The home of gloom
Is in Oblivion's tomb :

Only the sunny hours !
Hold—for they haste ;
Let care as shadows waste :

Only the sunny hours !
The clouds between—
As if they had not been :

Only the sunny hours !
Truth can but shine,
Error to shade incline :

Only the sunny hours !
Honour is clear,
And baseness shrouds in fear :

Only the sunny hours !
Count gain—not loss,
The ore, and not the dross :

Only the sunny hours !
If love hath flown,
Rejoice how once it shone :

Only the sunny hours !
Thy friend decays ?
Think of the joyous days :

Only the sunny hours !
Some hopes have failed,
Cherish what hath prevailed :

Only the sunny hours!
Dark—is distress,
And light is happiness:

Only the sunny hours!
Our life is light,
Our Death is as the Night

Only the sunny hours!
So—when 'tis done,
Mark, with the Dial's powers
As do the fruits or flowers,
The record of the Sun.*

Buxted.

"We shall—1693," may be read in Buxted Churchyard, above an old and rather elaborately engraved dial. It is an effort of rural philosophy to combine instruction and amusement, and is to be read "We must die all." This pun was a somewhat favourite joke with the dial-makers.

Chichester.

The remarkable market cross at Chichester, erected in the fifteenth century by Bishop Edward Story, and repaired in the reign of Charles II., had formerly four dials facing the principal streets of the city, but these have been superseded by a clock.

* Ellis. Cæsar in Egypt (1885), p. 267.

East Grinstead.

Sackville College, East Grinstead, is a building dating from A.D. 1616. The dial was formerly inscriped "Tempus fugit," but the face of the dial was renewed during the wardenship of the Rev. Dr. Neale, and was then inscribed "Horas non numero nisi serenas" (*I count only the bright hours*).

Elleslie.

At Elleslie, near Chichester, there is a cross dial with ten separate mottoes, namely:—"Bulla est vita humana" (*The life of man is a bubble*). "Fugio, fuge" (*I fly—fly thou*). "Nosce teipsum" (*Know thyself*). "Nulla dies sine linea" (*No day without its mark*). "Pereunt et imputantur" (*They perish, and are reckoned*). "Quid celerius tempore?" (*What is swifter than time?*). "Sic transit gloria mundi" (*So passes the glory of the world*). "Umbra Dei" (*The shadow of God*). "Ut vita sic umbra" (*As life so is a shadow*). "Via vitae" (*The Way of life*).

Frant.

"Cito pede sabitur aetas, 1724" (*With swift foot doth time glide by*), is engraved on a stone pedestal in Frant Churchyard. The

metal face is engraved with elaborate ornamental decorations.

Friston.

Friston, or Bechyngton Place, which is now a farmhouse in a deep dell, relieved with ancient elms, has features of antiquity, including a hall, the roof of which belongs to the fourteenth century. In the great window is a sun-dial, with this motto from Cicero: "Sensim sine sensu" (*Softly and no man knows*).

Hurstpierpoint.

"Via crucis via lucis" (*The way of the Cross is the way of light*), is inscribed at Hurstpierpoint School on a dial which is shaped as a recumbent cross. The hours are indicated by the position of the shadow on the different points of the cross.

Fyning.

"Nihil volentibus arduum" (*Nothing is difficult to the willing*), is the inscription on a dial at Fyning House, which was erected in the reign of George II.

Ovingdean.

On a dial in Ovingdean Churchyard may be read:—

"Shadows cast upon the dial show
The presence of the sun above;
Shadows cast upon our life below
True tokens are that God is love.

April 6th, 1882."

Rye.

On the town hall at Rye is a dial inscribed, "That solar shadow, as it measures life, it life resembles too." "Tempus edax rerum" (*Time the devourer of* [*all*] *things*). This dial used to be on the front of Rye Grammar School, which was erected in 1636. The dial was presented to the school by Colonel de Lacy Evans when he was M.P. for the ancient town, and it remained upon the school until 1887, when the building was repointed, and new windows were put in, to commemorate the Queen's Jubilee; and as it was found that the dial obscured one of the windows, it was removed to its present position. The first motto is from Young's "Night Thoughts," Night II.

Tunbridge Wells.

"You may waste, but cannot stop me." This motto is painted on a board over the door of a chapel of ease in Chapel Place, near the Pantiles,

Tunbridge Wells. There is no date, but the maker's name is recorded, "Alexr. Raefecit."

The dial moralists harp very much on one string, for the lessons they enforce can only be that time is fleeting, and that, in Shakespeare's phrase, "life is but a walking shadow."

Tunbridge Wells Early in the Eighteenth Century.

MACAULAY has drawn a vivid picture of Tunbridge Wells at the time of the Restoration, in a famous passage wherein he says: "When the Court, soon after the Restoration, visited Tunbridge Wells, there was no town; but within a mile of the spring, rustic cottages, somewhat cleaner and neater than the ordinary cottages of that time, were scattered over the heath. Some of these cabins were movable, and were carried on sledges from one part of the common to another. To these huts men of fashion, wearied with the din and smoke of London, sometimes came in the summer to breathe fresh air and to catch a glimpse of rural life. During the season a kind of fair was daily held near the fountain. The wives and daughters of the Kentish farmers came from the neighbouring villages with cream, cherries, wheat-ears, and quails. To chaffer with them, to flirt with them, to praise their straw hats and high heels, was a

refreshing pastime to voluptuaries sick of the airs of actresses and maids of honour. Milliners, toymen, and jewellers, came down from London, and opened a bazaar under the trees. In one booth the politician might find his coffee and the 'London Gazette'; in another were gamblers playing deep at basset; and on fine evenings the fiddles were in attendance, and there were morris-dances on the elastic turf of the bowling green. In 1685 a subscription had just been raised among those who frequented the wells for building a church, which the Tories, who then domineered everywhere, insisted on dedicating to St. Charles the Martyr."

Tunbridge Wells, one of the most charming of inland towns, has never lost its attractions, and if it is no longer in a special resort of the court and the citizens, as in the days of Queen Anne, it has remained solidly prosperous. There is a glimpse of the manners and customs of the gay watering-place in a broadside printed in 1706, and entitled—

THE TUNBRIDGE PRODIGY.

Protect our state, and let our Marlbro' thrive,
Keep our crowned heads this wondrous year alive;
Preserve our palaces from wind and flame,

Safe be our fleets, and be our Scotchmen tame.
Avert kind fate! whatere th' event may prove,
For here's a prodigy, a man in love.
Wasted and pale he languishes in sight,
And spends in am'rous verse the sleepless night.
Whilst happier youths to careless spirits born,
View the distress with pity or with scorn;
And maids so long unus'd to be ador'd
Think it portends the pestilence or sword.

How chang'd is Britain to the blooming fair!
Whom now the men no longer make their care,
But of indifference arrogantly boast,
And scarce the wine gets down a Buckworth for a toast.
Not so (as still their works declare) it proved
When Spencer, Sydney, and when Waller lov'd,
And with soft numbers wing'd resistless darts,
Nor thought their passion less'ning to their parts.

Then let such patterns countenance his fire,
Whom love and verse do now afresh inspire
'Gainst all who blame, or at his state admire.

And learn ye nymphs how to regain your sway;
And make this stubborn sex once more obey.
Call back the fugitive by modest pride,
And let them dye with fear to be deny'd.
Stay till their courtship may deserve the name,
And take not every look for love and flame.
To mercenary ends no charms imploy,
Nor stake your smiles against some raffled toy.

For every fop lay not th' insnaring train,
Nor lose the worthy to allure the vain.
Keep at due distance all attempts of bliss,
Nor let a whisper seem to steal a kiss.

Dance not upon the green but with some swain,
Whose long endeavours may your favour gain.
Nor be transported when some trifler's view
Directs his giddy choice to light on you.
Amend whatever may your charms disgrace,
And trust not wholly to a conquering face.
Nor be your motions rude, coquet, or wild,
Shuffling or lame as if in nursing spoil'd.
Slight not the advantage of a graceful mien,
Tho' Paris judged the prize to beauty's queen,
When Juno mov'd, Venus could scarce be seen.

Assert your power in paradise begun,
Born to undo, be not yourselves undone,
Contented and cheap, as easy to be won.

But if like sov'reigns you maintain your ground,
The rebels at your feet will soon be found.
And when with such authority you move,
No new surprise, no prodigy 'twill prove
To see one man, or the whole sex in love.

Every age regards itself as the most moral and the most immoral, and in every age there is an outcry as to the decay of matrimony.

An elaborate account of the place was written by John Byrom, who visited it in 1723, although his verses were not printed until three years later. It is in the form of an invitation to a friend to join him at the Wells.

DESCRIPTION OF TUNBRIDGE,

In a Letter to P.M., Esq.

Dear Peter whose friendship I value much more
Than bards their own verses, or misers their store,
Your books, and your bus'ness, and ev'ry thing else
Lay aside for a while, and come to the Wells:
The country so pleasant! the weather so fine!
A world of fair ladies, and delicate wine!
The proposal, I fancy, you'll hardly reject,
Then hear, if you come, what you first may expect.

Some eight or nine miles off we send to you greeting
Barbers, dippers, and so forth to give you the meeting.
As soon as they spy you each pulls off his hat,
"Does your honour want this? Does your honour want that?"
Thus being a stranger, by this apparatus
You may see our good manners before you come at us.
Now this in your custom's to get the first footing,
A trick, please your honour, which here we call Tooting."*

Conducted by these civil gem'men to town,
You put up your horse at—for rhyme's sake, the Crown:
My landland bids welcome, and gives you his word
For the best entertainment his house can afford.
You taste which is better, his white or his red,
Bespeak a good supper, good room, and good bed;
In short, just as travellers do when they light,
So fill up the stanza, I wish you "Good-Night!"

But when ruddy Phœbus next morning appears,
And with his bright beams our glad hemisphere cheers,
You rise, dress, get shav'd,— then away to the Walks,
The pride of the place, of which ev'ry one talks!

* A Provincial word, which signifies *prying, searching narrowly.*

I'd imagine you there to be drinking the waters,
Knew I not that you come not for such little matters,
But to see the fine ladies in their dishabille,
Which dress is sometimes the most studied to kill.

The ladies you see; they are ladies as fair,
As charming and bright as are seen anywhere:
You eye and examine the beautiful throng,
As o'er the clean walks they pass lovely along;
Should any one look a little demurer,
You fancy, like ev'ry young fop, you could cure her;
Till from some pretty nymph a deep wound you receive,
And yourself want the cure which you thought you could give.

Not so wounded howe'er as to make you forget
That your honour this morn has not breakfasted yet;
So to Morley's you go, look about and sit down;
Then comes the young lass for your honour's half-crown;
She brings out the book, you look wisely upon her,
"What's the meaning of this?" "To subscribe please your honour;"
So you write as your betters have all done before ye,
'Tis a custom, and here is an end of the story.

And now all this while, it is forty to one
But some friend or other you've stumbled upon;
You all go to church upon hearing the bell,
Whether out of devotion yourselves best can tell:
From thence to the tavern, to toast pretty Nancy,
Th' aforesaid bright nymph that had smitten your fancy,
Where wine and good victuals attend your commands,
And wheatears, far better than French ortolans.*

* And, amongst the rest, that delicious bird, the wheat-ear, is brought in great plenty from the South-Downs. This little bird, commonly called the "English Ortolan," is not bigger than a lark, but is infinitely preferable in the fatness and delicacy of its flesh. The manner of catching them is something

Then after you've din'd, take a view of our ground,
Observe the grand mountains that compass us round;
And if you could walk a mile after eating,
Some comical rocks are worth contemplating;
You may if you please for their oddness and make,
Compare them—let's see—to the Derbyshire Peak.
They're one like the other, except that the wonder
Is seen *here* above ground, and *there* is seen under.*

To the walks about seven you trace back your way,
Where the Sun marches off, and the ladies make day;
What crowding of charms! what Gods! rather Goddesses!
What beauties are there! what bright looks, airs, and dresses!
In the room of waters had Helicon sprung,
Had the nymphs of the place by old poets been sung,
To invite the Gods hither they would have had reason,
And Jove had descended each night in the season.

peculiar:—The shepherds make small holes in the Downs, covered with a turf about a foot long, and half a foot broad, in which they place snares of horse-hair, and the birds, being very fearful of rain, run into these holes for shelter at the approach of every cloud, and thus are caught in prodigious numbers. They are brought to the Wells in their utmost perfection; but, as they are in season only in the midst of summer, the heat of the weather, and their own fatness, make them so apt to corrupt, that the London poulterers dare not meddle with them; for which reason it is necessary for the epicure to go into the country, if he would indulge his appetite with one of the greatest dainties in its kind. (*Clifford's Tunbridge Wells Guide, 1817, p. 95*). There is a characteristic passage to the same purport in *Fuller's Worthies*.

* What visitor to Tunbridge Wells fails to see these? The Toad Rock is on Rusthall Common, and has received its name from a supposed resemblance to that amphibian. Other stones in its vicinity also had appellations bestowed on them, which are at least creditable to the imaginative powers of the sponsers. The "High Rocks" are further from the town. Evelyn, in 1661, styles them "solitudes," and was especially impressed by "the extravagant turnings, insinuations, and growth of certain birch-trees amongst the rocks." Mrs. Elizabeth Carter was "not without a kind of terror" on beholding these "Salvator-like scenes." Time has brought its changes, and the solitudes are now enclosed, decorated with swings, and made into a picnic resort. They are,

If with things here below we compare things on high,
The walks are like yonder bright path in the sky,
Where heavenly bodies in such clusters mingle
As makes it invidious their graces to single.
See the charms of her sex unite in Miss K-ll-y;
If ever you've seen her, permit me to tell ye,
Descriptions are needless; for, after to you
No beauty, no graces can ever be new.

But when to their gaming the ladies withdraw,
Those beauties are fled which when walking you saw;
Most ungrateful the scene which there is display'd,
Chance murd'ring the features which heaven had made.
If the Fair Ones their charms did sufficiently prize,
Their elbows they'd spare for the sake of their eyes;
And the men too—what work! 'tis enough, in good faith is't,
Of the nonsense of chance to convince any Ath'ist.

But now it is proper to bid my friend "vale,"
Lest we tire you too long with our *Tunbridgiale*:

notwithstanding, picturesque and interesting. The High Rocks are about sixty feet in height. On one known as the Bell Rock is inscribed the following quatrain:—

"This scratch I made that you may know
On this rock lyes ye beauteous Bow;
Reader, this rock is the Bow's bell,
Strike't with thy stick, and ring his knell."

And the visitors rarely fail to elicit a metallic sound from the rock, and thus perpetuate the memory of the unfortunate lap-dog lost in the fissure of the rock in 1702. One other rock furnishes this brief sermon in stone:—

"Infidel! who with thy finite wisdom,
Would'st grasp things infinite, and dost
A scoffer of God's holiest mysteries; become,
Behold this rock, then tremble and rejoice;
Tremble! for He who formed the mighty mass,
Could, in His Justice, crush thee where thou art.
Rejoice! that still His mercy spares thee."

March 21st, 1831. J. PHIPPEN.

Here the orthodoxy of the scribe is more evident than his poetic genius.

Which should the sour critics pretend to unravel,
Or at these lame verses should stupidly cavil,—
If this be our lot, tell those critics, I pray,
That I care not one farthing for all they can say,
And now I conclude with my service, good Peter,
To yourself and all friends ;—farewell muse ! farewell metre !

It may be noted Byrom makes no reference to the somewhat easy manners of Tunbridge as described in the "Spectator" (Nos. 492 and 496).* All agree that there was much gambling. Of this aspect of fashionable life at Tunbridge there is a striking illustration in Goldsmith's "Life of Beau Nash."

"At Tunbridge, in the year 1715," he says, "Mr. J. Hedges made a very brilliant appearance ; he had been married about two years to a young lady of great beauty and large fortune ; they had one child, a boy, on whom they bestowed all that affection which they could spare from each other. He knew nothing of gaming, nor seemed to have the least passion for play ; but he was unacquainted with his own heart! He began by degrees to bet at the table for trifling sums, and his soul took fire at the prospect of immediate gain. He was soon

* *Byrom's Journals*, printed from his own shorthand MSS., and giving a vivid picture of certain portions of the literary and general society of England in the earlier part of last century, have been printed by the Chetham Society, which has also issued an edition of his poems carefully annotated and appreciated by Dr. A. W. Ward.

surrounded with sharpers, who with calmness lay in ambush for his fortune, and coolly took advantage of the precipitancy of his passions.

"His lady perceived the ruin of her family approaching, but at first, without being able to form any scheme to prevent it. She advised with his brother, who at that time was possessed of a small fellowship at Cambridge. It was easily seen that whatever passion took the lead in her husband's mind, seemed to be there fixed unalterably. It was determined therefore to let him pursue fortune, but previously take measures to prevent the pursuit being fatal.

"Accordingly, every night this gentleman was a constant attender at the hazard tables. He understood neither threats of sharpers, nor even the allowed strokes of a connoisseur, yet still he played. The consequence is obvious. He lost his estate, his equipage, his wife's jewels, and every other moveable that could be parted with except a repeating watch. His agony upon this occasion was inexpressible; he was even mean enough to ask a gentleman who sat near to lend him a few pieces in order to turn his fortune; but this prudent gamester, who plainly saw there were no expectations of being repaid, refused to lend a

farthing, alleging a former resolution against lending. Hedges was at last furious with the continuance of ill success, and pulling out his watch, asked if any person in company would set him sixty guineas upon it. The company were silent; he then demanded fifty, still no answer; he sank to forty, thirty, twenty; finding the company still without answering, he cried out, 'By God, it shall never go for less!' and dashed it against the floor, at the same time attempting to dash out his brains against the marble chimney-piece. This last act of desperation immediately excited the attention of the whole company, they instantly gathered round, and prevented the effects of his passion; and after he again became cool, he was permitted to return home with sullen discontent to his wife. Upon his entering her apartment, she received him with her usual tenderness and satisfaction; while he answered her caresses with contempt and severity, his disposition being quite altered with his misfortunes. 'But, my dear Jemmy,' says his wife, 'perhaps you don't know the news I have to tell, my mamma's old uncle is dead, the messenger is now in the house, and you know his estate is settled upon you.' This account seemed only to increase

his agony, and looking angrily at her, he cried, 'There you lie, my dear; his estate is not settled upon me.' 'I beg your pardon,' said she, 'I really thought it was, at least you have always told me so.' 'No,' returned he, 'as sure as you and I are to be miserable here, and our children beggars hereafter, I have sold the reversion of it this day, and have lost every farthing I got for it at the hazard table.' 'What all?' replied the lady. 'Yes, every farthing,' returned he, 'and I owe a thousand pounds more than I have got to pay.' Thus speaking, he took a few frantic steps across the room. When the lady had a little enjoyed his perplexity, 'No, my dear,' cried she, 'you have lost but a trifle, and you owe nothing, your brother and I have taken care to prevent the effects of your rashness, and are actually the persons who have won your fortune; we employed proper persons for this purpose, who brought their winnings to me. Your money, your equipage, are in my possession, and here I return them to you, from whom they were unjustly taken, I only ask permission to keep my jewels, and to keep you, my greatest jewel, from such dangers for the future.' Her prudence had the proper effect. He ever retained a sense of his former

follies, and never played for the smallest sums, even for amusement."

Truly a lucky gambler. Few possessed by the the demon of chance have been so fortunate.

As we stroll along the Pantiles, we can, in imagination, recall those who frequented the "walks" in the past. Not only Dudley North, who discovered the chalybeate waters, that have made its fortunes, but Henrietta Maria, and Queen Anne, with her poor sickly child, the Duke of Gloucester; John Evelyn; the Chevalier de Grammont; Dr. Johnson; Samuel Richardson; and Elizabeth Carter, whose knowledge of Greek made her an object of awe, as well as admiration to the fashionable butterflies, were amongst the visitort to Tunbridge. And mingling with the throng of the mortals are Thackeray's immortals, Harry Warrington and Colonel Wolfe.

The visitor to Tunbridge may say with Mr. J. Ashby-Sterry, in his charming "Lazy Minstrel":—

"Beneath the Limes, 'tis good you know,
To lounge here for an hour or so,
And sit and listen if you please
To sweet leaf-lyrics of the trees—
As balmy August breezes blow.

You'll dream of courtly belle and beau,
Who promenaded long ago,

Who flirted, danced, and took their ease
Beneath the Limes.

No doubt they made a pretty show
In hoop, and sack, and furbelow;
These slaves to Fashion's stern decrees,
These patched and powdered Pantilese
With all their grand punctilo—
Beneath the Limes!

Beneath the limes perchance you'll fret
For bygone times, and may regret
The manner of the time of Anne,
The graceful conduct of a fan,
And stately old-world etiquette!

The good old days are gone, and yet
You never saw, I'll freely bet,
More beauty since the Wells began—
Beneath the Limes!

For Linda, Bell, and Margaret,
With Nita, Madge, and Violet,
Alicia, Phyllis, Mona, Nan,
And others you'll not fail to scan,
Will make you bygone times forget—
Beneath the Limes!

The Miller's Tomb.

THE "Miller's Tomb" is within easy access by rail and road from Worthing and Brighton, and the visitor may easily include Tarring and Salvington in the course of his journey.

West Tarring, known also as Tarring Peveral, whilst practically a suburb of Worthing possesses many old world features. There is a pleasant air of repose about the village, that has been a market town since 1444. This privilege was granted by Henry VI., to his beloved lieges of the village of Tarring near the sea, because they suffered great injuries and damages in their bodies and effects from their enemies of France, and were apprehensive of the loss of their goods, and of the village itself, by these foes from over the sea, whilst they were attending to business in the nearest market. That they might be at hand to defend their homes, the King granted them the right to hold a market every Saturday. Since the days of Athelstane, Tarring has been a

"peculiar" of the Archbishops of Canterbury, and a portion of what was once the palace of the Primate, now forms part of the village school-house. The hum of childish voices is heard where Becket may have meditated on the methods of his long struggle with Henry III. as to the respective share of church and state in the government of the English nation. In the Fig Garden close by, is a venerable tree which tradition asserts was planted by the hands of the prelate known to after ages as St. Thomas of Canterbury. But tradition has a bow of two strings, and as an alternative suggests the name of St. Richard of Chichester, whose biographer tells that he grafted fruit trees at Tarring with his own hand. It has been noted that in this locality, the lily of the valley, the favourite flower of the ascetic but stormy saint, is very plentiful. The fig trees of Tarring are also responsible for a summer bird of passage which appears when the harvest is ripe, and is believed to be identical with the beccafico of the Campagna.

Tarring Church has also some modern associations of interest. One of its former vicars was the Rev. John Wood Warter, a man of scholarly accomplishments, and refined literary taste, whose

writings are prized by students, though they cannot be said to have attracted the general public to any large extent. Warter married the daughter of Robert Southey, and a window in the church is dedicated by her piety and the memory of her father. Another famous name connected with Tarring is that of John Strype, who was some time its rector. Passing through the quiet town of Tarring, a field path brings us to the quieter village of Salvington, and at its entrance is the cottage where John Selden is said to have been born in 1584. The date on the doorway is 1601, but the building may be older than the inscription. The father of the great jurist was a "minstrel," and is said to have won his wife by his skill in music. The cottage was then known as the Lacies, and was the house attached to a farm of about eighty acres. On the lintel of the door inside is an inscription said to have been composed and carved by Selden at the age of ten!

GRATVS Honeste MIH' No clavDAR INITIO SEDEB'
FVR ABEAS: NŌ SV̄ FACTA SOLVTA TIBI.

This has been interpreted as:

Gratus, honeste, mihi, non claudar, initio sedebis [*or* sedeque]
Fur abeas: non sum facta soluta tibi.

Honesty! thou art welcome unto me,
Enter, be seated; I would not closed be;
Thief! be gone; I open not to thee.*

From this little cottage Selden went to Chichester Grammar School, and from thence to Oxford, and became the wonder of his age for learning. In the Inner Temple he had a choice library of books, of which in the beginning of all or most he wrote either in the title or leaf before it, περὶ παντὸς τὴν ἐλευθερίαν, "Above all things, Liberty." This is a noble motto for a scholar. Selden's "History of Tithes" was suppressed in 1619, by the High Commission Court, and he was forbidden by the King to reply to those who had endeavoured, with very poor success, to controvert the positions he had defended. Selden's is an impressive if not an heroic figure. He was on the side of liberty but made no sacrifices. There was a humorous side to his character. He sat as a lay member of the Assembly of Divines, and took part in their debates. "And sometimes," we are told "when they had cited a text of scripture to prove their assertion, he would tell

* There is a less literal rendering,—

Dear to my heart, *the honest*, here shall find
The gate wide open, and the welcome kind:
Hence, *thieves* away, on you my door shall close
Within these walls, the wicked ne'er repose!

them, 'Perhaps in your little Pocket Bibles with gilt leaves (which they would often pull out and read), the translation may be thus, but the Greek or the Hebrew, signifies thus and thus, and so would totally silence them." There is nothing to shew that Selden, when he became rich and famous ever revisited the rural scenes where his childhood was passed.

From Salvington by pleasant ways the visitor reaches Highdown Hill, and the Miller's Tomb.

John Oliver, the Miller of Salvington, appears to have had a passion for inscriptions. On a shed near the tomb he placed the lines—

> Stranger enjoy this sweet enchanting scene,
> The pleasing landscapes and the velvet green;
> Yet though the eye delighted rove'
> Think of better scenes above!

The interior was decorated with sacred texts and secular verses of equal orthodoxy, though of unequal beauty.

Psalm 107, 8, 9, and 43. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men. For He satisfieth the longing soul and filleth the hungry soul with goodness. Whoso is wise and will observe those things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord.

Prov. 27, 9. Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart, so doth the sweetness of man's friends by hearty counsel.

As in Isaiah, 55, 6, 7, 8. Seek ye the Lord while He may be found—call ye upon Him while He is near. Let the wicked forsake His way, and the unrighteous man His thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon. For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

Also 1 John 2, 1. These things I write unto you that ye sin not—and if any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.

MY FRIEND.

Let us secure an interest in the other world,
Let this be as it list, toss'd and hurl'd,
He's great and rich enough who wills to die,
And can with joy expect—Eternity!
Friend—this is the best counsel I can tell,
Think on't and practise, and so farewell!

When Time and Death their work fulfill,
Then adieu to Greendown Hill!
When my remains lie here at rest
I hope my Soul will live among the blest!

So far the muse-inspired Miller, but he was not only a versifier, but the cause of verse in others, and he placed on the door also the following inscription,

Sent by the owner of *Limbrick* near this spot), 1778.
Busied no more with *worldly* hopes and fears,
But safely landed in the vale of years;
Fain would my mind calm and contented dwell
With health and letter'd ease in Limbrick cell,

Whence, tho' contracted, still the view commands
Fair rising woods beyond the falling lands;
And slightly glances at the velvet green,
Which justly boasts its sweet enchanting scene;
More famous for the living MILLER'S tomb,
Who thinks upon the better scenes to come:
Long may his portion in good works increase,
E'er he exchange it for—*Eternal peace!*

Whatever may have been the motive of the Miller of Salvington in the selection of his tomb, it has certainly secured him fame, both before and after his death. The tomb was built in 1766, and the jolly miller did not take his departure until 1793. Doubtless in the more than score of years that elapsed between the preparation of the house and the beginning of its tenancy, many visited it with curious eyes, and since his death it has become a favourite excursion from the neighbouring resorts on the coast. The Miller in addition to his objection to consecrated ground, was noted for some mechanical talent. Thus he had fixed to the top of his house two curious pieces of imagery which were set in motion by the same winds that turned the sails of his mill. One represented a mill and a miller. As the shafts were moved by the breeze, a sack opened and a miniature Miller's shovel was set in motion

to fill it with flour. The other piece of mechanicism was even more characteristic of the odd humour of John Oliver. A custom house officer was represented as chasing, sword in hand, one of the smugglers with which Sussex then abounded; behind the officer of the law is seen an old woman who belabours the coastguard man with her broom so that the "free trader" may have a chance of escape. This representation has a certain significance as showing the not unfriendly attitude of the general public to those who gained their living by smuggling. It is said, too, that for many years before his death the Miller had his coffin under the bed, and it was only necessary to touch a spring, and it ran out on castors ready for its final use.

The Miller showed good taste for the selection of his burial place, for the view from Highdown Hill is picturesque and extensive, and the eye can pass from Portsmouth to Beachy Head. The mill, where he plied his avocation, has been removed, and a cottage occupies the site of his house. The tomb remains. It is enclosed by iron railings, and is covered with inscriptions. On the top we read:—

For the reception of the body of John Oliver, when deceased, to the will of God; granted by William Westbrook Richardson, Esq., 1766.

As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive. 1 Cor. xv. 22.

The Law came by Moses; but grace and truth by Jesus Christ. John 1. 17.

God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life. John iii. 15.

Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better than a man should rejoice in his own works, for that is his portion; for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him. Eccles. iii. 22.

Knowing that shortly I must put of this my earthly tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath shewed me. 2 Peter i. 14.

On the west end of the tomb the rustic artist has sculptured the image of Time and Death.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; but to keep His commandments is holiness to the Lord.

"Death, why so fast—pray, stop your hand,
And let my glass run out its sand;
As neither Death nor Time will stay,
Let us implore the present day.
Why start you at the skeleton?—
'Tis your own picture which you shun;
Alive, it did resemble thee,
And thou, when dead, like that shall be.
But tho' Death must have his will,
Yet old time prolongs the date
Till the measure we shall fill

That's allotted us by Fate,
Both agree to take our breath!

The eastern end of the tomb is covered with a rhyming apology put forward by the poetical miller to excuse his unusual place of sepulchre.

"Why should my fancy any one offend,
Whose good or ill does not on it depend;
'Tis at my own expense, except the land,
A generous grant on which my tomb doth stand;
This is the only spot that I have chose
Wherein to take my lasting long repose;
Here in the dust my body lieth down,
You'll say it is not consecrated ground—
I grant the same, but where shall we e'er find
The spot that e'er can purify the mind;
Nor to the body any lustre give,
This more depends on WHAT A LIFE WE LIVE;
For when the trumpet shall begin to sound
T'will not avail e'en where the body's found!"

On the side of the tomb which faces the visitor as he ascends the hill may he read:—

"In Memory
Of JOHN OLIVER, Miller,
Who departed this life,
the 22d of April, 1793,
aged 84 years."

The Miller's funeral attracted all the country side, and thousands of spectators are said to have witnessed the singular spectacle. The coffin was

brought from the house by mourners dressed in white, and was preceded and followed by maidens in white muslin, one of whom read a sermon at the grave. The Rev. John Evans, having a professional interest in the matter, interviewed this feminine preacher in 1804, and ascertained from her that the discourse was not, as was generally supposed, the composition of the Miller, but was contained in a printed volume entitled, *One hundred and sixteen Sermons preached out of the first lessons at Morning and Evening Prayer for all Sundays in the year, by William Reading, A.M., Keeper of the Library at Sion College.* The text was Gen., 45, 5. *Now therefore be not grieved nor angry with yourselves that ye sold me hither, for God did send me before you to preserve life.* This is part of the lesson for Jan. 23, so that the date was inappropriate, and Mr. Evans remarks, "The discourse seemed by no means suited to the occasion; but what can be expected from the choice of a man who all his life long studied singularity, and took a pride in deviating from the rest of mankind."*

* Reading's book appeared in sections between 1728 and 1736, and was reprinted in four volumes in 1755, after his death, which occurred in 1744. It is rather rare. He was a scholarly man, who greatly improved the library under his care, was attentive to students using it, as we learn from

The Miller was not even original, for excavations made in 1892 showed that the hill was a place of sepulture in Roman days. Skeletons of men, teeth of animals, antlers of deer, pottery, weapons, and coins of the Constantines have all been found. Thus there is nothing new under the sun.

Psalmanaazar, and, whilst his texts of the ecclesiastical historians were highly esteemed, he was remarkable for his plain and honest manner of life and preaching—circumstances which may have endeared him to the Miller of Salvington.

The Sussex Muse.

A SINGER of our own day, who possesses a delicate and genuine poetic gift, has narrated in flowing verse the vision which came to him as he lay beneath the trees reading Marston's book of "Garden Secrets," and watched the sun sink by Highden hill.*

"For where the damask roses, mignonette,
Stocks, tiger-lilies, musk, and mint deffuse,
Their night-fresh fragrance, and the moonlight makes
The colours mystical, the Sussex Muse,
Wrapt in a veil of mist, alights and takes
Her Pan-pipes, jewel set,
Out from between her breasts, and, for myself
Alone, against the sundial leans and plays
The very tunes she played in bygone days
To Fletcher, Otway, Collins, Shelley, Realf." †

Misfortune has dogged the footsteps of the Sussex poets. Only one of the five passed the half century. Realf died by his own hand;

* "Garden Secrets" was the title of one of the posthumous collections of the verses of the unfortunate blind poet, Philip Bourke Marston, the record of whose tragic life is one of the most pathetic pages in the literary history of this age.

† This fine poem of "The Sussex Muse" will be found in "Song Favours," by Charles William Dalmon (London, 1895, p. 53).

Shelley was drowned; Otway died destitute, even if not of starvation; Fletcher perished by the plague; and Collins passed away under a cloud of mental darkness.*

Of the five poets whom Mr. Dalmon has chosen as the representatives of the Sussex Muse, Realf, the latest is the war singer, Fletcher the earliest is the poet of pastoral, Otway has great dramatic power, and Collins has beauty and sublimity, but all these "pale their ineffectual fires" before the mighty shade of Shelley.

The name of Richard Realf is not very familiar, but the record of his life is one of tragic interest. He was born at Framfield, near Lewes, 14 June, 1834, and at the age of fifteen began to write verses, and was employed as an amaneunsis by a Brighton lady. Specimens of his poetry fell into the hands of a travelling phrenologist, who

* Equally unfortunate was another son of the Sussex Muse, William Pattison. He was born at Peasemarsh near Rye in 1706, and by the patronage of Lord Thanet, who was the landlord of his father's farm, he was educated at Appleby School, and became a Sizar of Sidney, Sussex College, Cambridge, in 1724, but two years later removed his name off the book, in order, it is said, to prevent the authorities from taking the same course. He went up to London with sanguine hopes of fame and fortune, and associated with the wits at Button's coffee-house, but his money was soon gone, and he passed his nights on a bench in St. James' Park, until he was taken into the house of Curll, the publisher. Here he did not long endure the miseries of a bookseller's hack, but died of small pox, 11th July, 1727,—before he had completed his twenty-first year.

recited some of them at a lecture. In this way the attention of literary friends was attracted, and under their patronage a volume of verse, "Guesses at the Beautiful," was printed in 1852. After a year spent in the study of agriculture, Realf emigrated to the United States. He became familiar with the slums of New York, and as a missionary at Five Points, established cheap lectures and "a self-improvement association." When the struggle between slavery and liberty was going on in "bleeding Kansas," Realf joined the free-soilers, started a newspaper, and thus came into contact with John Brown, who was already dreaming the dreams that resulted first in the tragedy of Harper's Ferry, and lastly in the Proclamation of Emancipation. In the Provisional Government, that Brown projected in 1856, Realf was named as Secretary of State. The execution of the scheme was postponed, and Realf revisited England, and also made a tour through the Southern States. When Brown's attempt at Harper's Ferry failed, Realf was arrested in Texas, and sent to Washington but released.*

* Mr. Dalmon is wrong thinking that the Sussex poet was at Harper's Ferry,—

"Realf I loved too, and fondly hoped that he
Would sing for me alone, and in my name,

When the war of the Secession broke out, his fiery, freedom-loving spirit found vent in the Federal Army. He served through the war with the 88th Illinois regiment. His war songs, written in the field, and sung by the camp fires of the Federal Army, had a wide popularity. He became the commandant of a coloured regiment, and in 1864, left the army with the rank of captain and brevet lieutenant-colonel. Afterwards he established a school for freedmen, and resumed his old life as a journalist and lecturer. The last scene of all came at Oakland, California, 28th October, 1878, when bowed down by the domestic trouble consequent upon "an unfortunate man and an imperfect divorce," he committed suicide by poison.

John Fletcher was born at Rye, where his father was minister, on December 1579. No more interesting or remarkable example of literary partnership, has been recorded than that of

"Please all the world, but very soon he left
My arms to go and seek another fame;
Leaving me of my latest bard bereft.
Still he is dear to me.
And I was proud, when, in America,
He struck for liberty with old John Brown,
Fighting beside him when he took the town
Of Harper's Ferry, in Virginia."

It is to be regretted that no notice of Realf appears in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

Fletcher and Francis Beaumont. Not only was there a "wonderful consimility of phansy" between them, but they lived together on the Bankside in Southwark, and had all things in common. Critics still exercise their ingenuity in discriminating the respective shares of the twin-authors in the plays that bear their joint names. Massinger, Rowley, Shirley, had also, it is believed, some part in these remarkable dramas. "The Two Noble Kinsmen," when printed in 1634, bore on its title page the names of Fletcher and Shakespeare, and "Henry VIII." is believed to have many evidences of the handiwork of Fletcher and of Massinger. But where we are certain that Fletcher stands alone, his genius does not suffer. The lovely lyrics that are scattered through the plays, give him high rank, and the "Faithful Shepherdess" is not only interesting as the source and spring of much of Milton's inspiration in "Comus," but is also, surely the brightest, sweetest and best pastoral play in the English language.* In the great plague of 1625, Fletcher was invited by "a Knight of Norfolk or Suffolk," to pay a visit to

* On the extent to which the later poet was indebted to the earlier, I might refer to my essay "Fletcher's 'Faithful Shepherdess,' and Milton's 'Comus' compared" (*Manchester Quarterly*, 1882).

the country, but staying whilst his tailor made him a suit of clothes, he sickened of the plague, and was buried 29th August, 1625, in the same grave at St. Saviour's, Southwark, which already held his friend and partner, Beaumont.

Thomas Otway was born 3rd March, 1651-2, at Trotton, where his father, who left him "no inheritance but loyalty," was curate. The future dramatist was educated at Winchester School, and Christ Church, Oxford, but left the university without a degree. He made one appearance on the stage, and failing as an actor, became a dramatist. "Don Carlos" was successful, but Dryden's harsh criticism of it caused temporary estrangement between the two poets. Otway now produced comedies and farces as well as tragedies, and might probably have been a successful man, but for his intemperance. He had a hopeless passion for Mrs. Barry the actress, who was then the mistress of Lord Rochester, and treated the poet with scorn. He enlisted as a private soldier in the army that went to the Low Countries in 1678, but he returned a year later, thus abandoning the rank of lieutenant. The production in 1680 of "The Orphan" shewed a great advance in his powers. After the appearance of "The

Soldier's Fortune," which was coarse beyond even the indecency of the age, there came in February 1681-2, Otway's crowning triumph of "Venice Preserved," one of the great tragedies of our language. Otway's last piece was "The Atheist," a comedy. The dramatist, notwithstanding the success of his pieces, was in constant embarassment. The circumstances of his death have been variously stated; one account is that he died from a fever following a chill, received whilst pursuing the murderer of a friend; another says that he died in a sponging house; the most sensational is, that in the pangs of starvation he begged a shilling from a gentleman, who gave him a guinea, and that purchasing a roll, the unhappy poet was choked by the first mouthful. It was said of him that he "languished in adversity, unpitied, and died in an alehouse, unlamented." This "hope and sorrow" of the age perished at the age of thirty three. Otway's poetry is of very trivial value, and his comedies are hopelessly disfigured by licentiousness, but in tragedy he reached the level of the Elizabethans. Rightly does Hazlitt admire in "Venice Preserved," the "awful suspense of the situations; the conflict of duties and passions; the intimate

bond that unite the characters together, and that are violently rent asunder, like the parting of soul and body;" and "the solemn march of the tragical events to the fatal catastrophe that winds up and closes over all." Much that he wrote has passed into a merciful oblivion, but "Venice Preserved" remains as a lasting monument for unhappy Otway.

In William Collins, we have a gentler but equally melancholy spirit. He was born 25th December, 1721, at Chichester, of which ancient city his father, a hatter, was mayor. At Winchester school he had the friendship of Joseph Warton, which continued to the end of his life. At Oxford, where he was successively at New, Queen's, and Magdalene Colleges, he was intimate with Gilbert White. His university course was marred by dissipation, but the "Persian Eclogues," which were published before he had taken his B.A. degree, show that he had begun to work a new vein of poetic gold. After the death of his father and mother, his uncle thought him "too indolent even for the army," and therefore it was designed to place him in the church. But though a title to a curacy was obtained, the charms of literature were too strong,

and he went to London to try his fortune as an author. He had many projects, but few of them were executed, and whilst intimate with Armstrong, Garrick, Thomson, Johnson, and other celebrities, he was also intimate with the bailiffs. The death of his uncle retrieved his fortunes, but a more grievous blow was impending, "Collins, who while he studied to live," says Johnson, "felt no evil but poverty, no sooner lived to study than his life was assailed by more dreadful calamities, disease, and insanity." He tried to dissipate the gathering gloom by an excursion to France, but without benefit. At Islington, when Johnson saw him, his only literature was the New Testament. "I have but one book," he said, "but that is the best."* For a time he was under restraint in a madhouse, but his latter years were passed under the care of his sister in his native city. In March, 1759, Goldsmith wrote to him as "still alive—happy if insensible of our neglect; not raging at our ingratitude." He died on June 12th of that year. Collins is not "a poet of bulk," but the small volume he has left behind is packed close with glittering

* This incident gave Flaxman the motive of his noble memorial of Collins in Chichester Cathedral.

treasure, and some of his happy phrases have obtained universal currency. Collins, like Spenser, is a poet's poet, and he lacks some of the essentials of the widest popularity. But he will always attract those who can follow his lofty flights into realms of wonder and imagination, where his spirit loved to dwell. The story of his hapless life is one of the saddest in English literature.

The greatest of these names is that of Percy Bysste Shelley, the one Sussex man who has climbed to the highest peak of Parnassus. Well may the Sussex Muse exclaim—

"When Shelley's soul was carried through the air,
Toward the manor-house where he was born,
I danced along the avenue at Denne,
And praised the grace of heaven and the morn,
Which numbered with the sons of Sussex men,
A genius so rare!
So high a honour, so dear a birth,
That, though the Horsham folk may little care
To laud the favour of his birthplace there,
My name is bless'd for it throughout the earth.

I taught a child to love and dream and sing
Of witch, hobgoblin, folk, and flower lore;
And often led him by the hand away
Into St. Leonard's forest, where of yore
The hermit fought the dragon—to this day,

The children, ev'ry spring,
Find lilies of the valley blowing where
The fight took place. Alas! they quickly drove
My darling from my bosom and my love,
And snatched my crown of laurel from his hair."

Sussex can claim only the early years of the poet's short and much troubled career. Between the baby that lay cradled in the wealthy home of the Shelleys at Field Place, Sussex, and the drowned corpse lying on the funeral pile at Lerici there is but an interval of thirty years. Within that brief space of time Shelley, born in an atmosphere of privilege and wealthy conventionality, had shown himself to be a daring thinker, prepared to demand from everything a reason for its existence. Shelley wrote a plea for the "Necessity of Atheism," yet his attack was on the "erroneous and degrading" ideas of deity, and not on "the Supreme Being itself;" in fact, as Mr. Salt has well said, "it was not the presence but the absence of spirituality" in the conventional creed of his day that made Shelley its opponent. In his references to social and political reforms it will be seen that he was far in advance of his day. Yet many things that he held to be desirable he also saw to be impracticable until mankind had received further education and ethical training. Hence he

advocates no mere mechanical fashion of reform. Neither wise laws nor benificent environment will suffice without the quick response of the intellect and the heart of mankind. When the British code of law was written in blood Shelley protested against capital punishment. When political power was in the hands of the few Shelley advocated the claims of the disfranchised many ; when the coarse tyranny of the privileged classes found a brutal expression in the Manchester massacre, he wrote that slavery

> . . . is to feel revenge,
> Fiercely thirsting to exchange
> Blood for blood, and wrong for wrong :
> *Do not thus when you are strong.*

The warfare of freedom is not to be like the warfare of tyranny. The freeman is cast in more heroic mould. Shelley, even when most indignant with wrongdoing, recognises that its evil effect is as great upon the tyrant as upon his victim, and for both he has the tenderest sympathy. Love is with him "the sole law which should govern the moral world." Nor did he denounce the vulgar ruffian and let the wealthy blackguard go without reproof. It needed courage and strength to draw this terrific picture of

"England in 1819," but Shelley was equal to the duty :—

"An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying king,
Princes the dregs of their dull race, who flow
Through public scorn, mud from a muddy spring,—
Rulers who neither see, nor feel, nor know,
But leech-like to their fainting country cling,
Till they drop blind in blood, without a blow,—
A people starved, and stabbed, in the untilled field,—
An army which liberticide and prey
Make as a two-edged sword to all who wield,—
Golden and sanguine laws which tempt and slay,—
Religion Christless, Godless, a book sealed,—
A Senate—time's worst statute unrepealed,—
Are graves from which a glorious phantom may
Burst to illumine our tempestuous day."

This poem illustrates, too, another of Shelley's characteristics. He never loses hope, but has an unfailing faith in the ultimate triumph and of justice and righteousness— nay, so firm in his faith that he will not consent to Right adopting the methods of Wrong, and doing evil that good may come. Righteousness shall triumph by the inherent strength of sympathy and love and rule untainted either by force or fraud. Shelley was the friend of liberty alike in Greece and in Ireland ; he wanted to see it at home no less than "as far away as Paris is." Shelley's writings may still for

years, perhaps even for generations, be referred to for their prophetic utterances. Instead of being a rash revolutionist, he was himself quite conscious, sadly conscious, of the slowness with which the destiny of our race is accomplished, and was quite ready to accept such instalments as could be obtained towards the realisation of his social ideals.

These are mere indications of the spirit and method of Shelley the reformer. But side by side with these documents of revolutionary propaganda we have his contributions to literature. There is, perhaps, no more remarkable literary phenomenon than the rapid maturing of his powers from the weak style of "Zastrozzi" to the tender pathos of "Adonais," the gloomy grandeur of "The Cenci,"—the most remarkable drama written since the days of the great Elizabethans,—the lofty ideality of "Prometheus Unbound," the lyric glory of "The Skylark," the stern power of the sonnet on "Ozymandias," —to name but a few of many. He is intensely spiritual, and penetrates to the very heart of nature, as when he sings—

> "I love all that thou lovest,
> Spirit of delight!

The fresh earth in new leaves drest,
And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery."

It is this delight in natural and intellectual beauty, and the desire to remove the taint of misery, that animates Shelley's vegetarianism. His interest in this subject was profound and continuous. He translated Plutarch's essays against flesh eating; he refers to the subject again and again—in "Queen Mab," in "Laon and Cythna," in "Alastor," in the "Refutation of Deism," and in the "Vindication of Natural Diet." He was a water drinker and a bread eater by choice, but he saw that the slaughter of sentient creatures to supply the food of mankind has social and moral as well as physiological consequences. He saw that the fruit and grain destroyed in the manufacture of intoxicants is so much material subtracted from the food supply, and that the conversion of plant food into flesh food is the most

costly form of dietary. "No sane mind in a sane body," he declares, "resolves upon a real crime." To remove poverty, to cure disease, to substitute sympathy for force, to abolish war, to knit together the whole creation in a golden chain of love—such was Shelley's aim. Peace, simplicity of life, natural delights, are linked to the common effort for the common good in order to bring about "a state of society where all the energies of man shall be directed to the production of his solid happiness."

It is more than a century since Shelley was born, and we are still far from the realisation of his vision. Yet whoever pities and tries to save a dumb creature from torment; whoever pities and tries to help a poor brother or an oppressed sister; whoever tries to bring a gleam of gladness into the face of an overwrought child; whoever offers passive resistance to a wrong; whoever tries to secure rights for those to whom they are denied; whoever recognises the sacredness of life; whoever helps to spread knowledge and to make wisdom and culture, not the privilege of the few, but the common heritage of all; whoever recognises the brotherhood of man in any form, is helping to bring us nearer to Shelley's vision of the future, the time when—

"The dwellers of the earth and air
Shall throng around our steps in gladness,
Seeking their food or refuge there,
Our toil from thought all glorious forms shall cull
To make this earth, our home, more beautiful;
And Science and her sister Poesy
Shall clothe in light the fields and cities of the free."

This is the noblest gift of the Sussex Muse to the thought of the ages.

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